How to tell the Fashions from the Follies

Caroline Duer

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By

CAROLINE DUER

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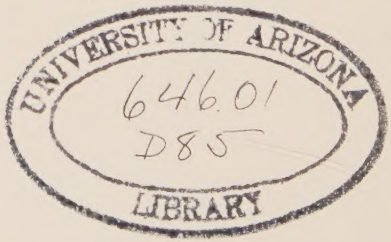

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How to Tell the Fashions
from the Follies

I

HOW TO TELL THE FASHIONS FROM THE FOLLIES

"MY love in her attire doth show her wit, it doth so well become her," sings one satisfied gentleman; but not many are found in this, or any, age who care to emulate him. Certainly, for the few who do admire and appreciate fine examples of fashion, the many are unobservant or, if they observe, wish, like Mr. Pepys, that women would not be "so set to make themselves fantastical."

Boys and the men who are grown-up boys (of which every nation has a large percentage) exhibit a nervous desire for neatness, not gaudiness, on the part of females belonging to them; though this is often totally lacking in their regard for females free or belonging to others. Men of a more sophisticated kind do indeed seem tolerant, amused, interested, and even gratified by smartness in their womenfolk. Such men would be more than glad to feel that

their mothers, sisters, cousins, and petticoated relations in general, as well as their loves, showed wit in their attire. If wives have not been more specifically mentioned, it is because the word "loves" is virtuously supposed to stand for them, and to no other women on earth is successful selection of apparel so important in the eyes of their men—if these are of the adult type, which, as I have said, is rare.

It has long been decided that, while the main object of the gentler sex in clothes selection is the allurement of the stronger, a woman really considers the feminine members of her set as her critical audience. She may dress for the lords, but she looks for applause from the ladies. Men, if the effect is admirable, may admire the effect; only fellow-experts can be expected to see what went to the creating of it. A few masculine amateurs might; but, generally, the gentlemen who can "lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new doublet" are confined to the profession of mode-making and are, perhaps providentially, saved from the sight of their designs on the persons of all and sundry. It is a sad truth that, whomever women dress for, they

do not always put their anxiety to please to the most artistic uses, nor bring common sense to bear upon the subject of when to adopt a fashion and when to adapt it and how to separate the daring from the ridiculous.

Very few people who look into mirrors see themselves at all—let alone as others see them. If they did, how could barrel-like figures trick themselves out in tight, horizontal-striped coverings? How could round, fleshly faces surmount their circles with little knobs of turbaned hats? How could scrawny old shoulders and arms thrust their angles into the light of clear day? What are all these addlepates thinking of?

There is no arbitrary law which says, "In the spring, all dresses shall be made of pink sarsenet and have no sleeves"; or, "In the autumn, every wrap shall be full in front and flat behind." Fashion in herself is no such fool. She may clothe a peach-faced eighteen-year-old model in a sleeveless pink frock and send her to a garden-party; or a tall, graceful reed of a woman in a straight-backed coat for travelling. She does not expect every size and shape of ardent or elderly creature who sees these cre-

ations to insist upon having the like and wearing them precisely *as* they should not, and *when* they should not, be worn, without taste or sense.

No; fashion's creators may be held innocent, though some of her salespeople and all of her blind votaries are to blame. The artist who has built up an ideal arrangement in Egyptian drapery for a slim young princess does not enjoy seeing it displayed over rolls of middle-aged fat; nor care to have his conception cheapened to suit second-rate taste. Yet, he may be helpless, because buyers purchase and place in multitudes before the public the caricature of his mode in a base imitation of his material. The tireless geese of the world fit themselves out regardless of age or color, of height, breadth, or thickness, and believe themselves entirely metamorphosed.

If it were not that their eyes are holden, one would be inclined to the suggestion of looking-glasses, surprisingly placed at street corners, that the images of those out a-walking might be incessantly presented to their owners unawares. But one sees the most amazing figures of folly surviving this shock, and it is doubtful if the

unpicked many would be any more benefited by it than the picked few. Instead of ejaculating, "Lark-a-Mercy on me, this is none of I!" like the wise little egg-woman, when her petticoats were slyly cut by Stout, the peddler, they would see themselves as "style," no matter how preposterous, and pass on rejoicing.

Well, then, one might hope that the sellers would make, not a stand, perhaps, but a protest against clothing the ordinary with extraordinary garments; that they might even know what not to exhibit to certain customers. Vain hope! The arrival of quiet, gray-haired, dignified, tailor-made gentility, still wearing its pockets in its skirts, at one of the modern showrooms of the world, led to no poking away of inappropriate costumes and producing of something which decent avoirdupois and age might wear. In the words of those outraged ladies, this is what they saw: "Indecent, vulgar designs, which, shown by the new race of models with their flesh quivering like jellyfish (for they have so trained their poor bodies that every portion of them can execute a tremolo), looked like the 'Temptation of Saint Anthony,' painted

by some fifth-rate artist of the Middle Ages." And again: "Round the neck (or knees, where the waist was supposed to have descended) a huge, fat, white roll, like a young boa-constrictor, made one think of Laocoön and his sons." "Nothing sewed, only pinned, or held together with colossal buttons in most peculiar places. We are not over it yet!"

So much for common sense, which refuses to open its purse-strings to such vagaries. But what is to be done with the born-fool fashion follower? The woman who loves "style"? Suppose one suggests a difference between fashion and folly. Fashion is design in dress, grown from the fanciful adaptations of some individual ideas. Only a limited number of faces and figures are suited to any particular manifestation of it. Certain lines, colors, and adjuncts make up the original. When these can be made suitable to the appearance and usage of the wearer, they are smart fashions; from the moment thousands accept them slavishly and wear them unsuitably, they are follies. And the same may be said of manners and customs. As long as they are well adapted to make life more seemly and agreeable

they are what the earnest etiquette scholar calls "good style." But they may seem silliness itself when their outward semblance is assumed by the ignorant.

II

FIGURES THAT DO AND DO NOT LIE

LISSOM is a pretty word. Slender and supple, also, bring to the mind a pleasing picture of pliant grace; and thus, indeed, should all of us have been created. Unfortunately, however, the figures of mortals in general are not built along these lines. Sturdy would describe some; squat (and, if any five letters ever condensed the idea of short thickness into articulate sound, these do) would delineate others. Large bones, as the ramrod for stiffness, support many forms. The frames of more persons than one could count are buried deep in too, too solid flesh which shows, like Hamlet's, no inclination to melt. Even the normal front exhibits a slight tendency to curve outwardly in the equatorial region—not lost, but gone before, to quote a Methuselah joke.

Comparatively few years ago, steel, whalebone, and buckram controlled any disposition of the female shape to swerve from that of the hour-glass. Corsets of this kind were not so abso-

lutely restricting as the iron ones of the Middle Ages, but they were restricting enough to keep the occupants of them from undue activity. A discreet breath of interest might be drawn on the croquet lawn, but not the deep, dangerous inhalations following such rough and rapid movements as those on the tennis court. Panting, with a white hand outspread upon her high oppressed bosom, the sheathed Diana of the first smart sports fought her way toward freedom.

Now, every woman can breathe to the full depth of the lung power she has developed; the far stride of the mountaineer is within her scope; no sport indulged in by man is denied her. If she wishes to hunt, shoot, fish, swim, sail a boat, drive a motor, pilot an airplane, besides playing the mere ground-games of tennis and golf, she has only to take her choice and qualify. No doubt, her height and muscular growth have increased. If the spread of diligent fingers practising octaves upon the pianoforte has been noted of old, shall not the lengthening of lovely limbs in the constant spring of energetic exercise be mentioned? For lengthen they do in

time, and a fairly tall race of nymphs may be the result.

But, before this much-to-be-desired period arrives, we wish that some artistically minded millionaire would present our world with a sum sufficient to provide home-photographers for every household possessing daughters. The dreadful notion now prevailing among the masses that any young female may wear knickerbockers and that any knickerbockers suit any young female would, we hope, be killed deader than any door-nail. If girls with massive chests, thick haunches, and stout legs or those with bottle-necks, hunched shoulders, and spindle shanks could once get a full-length picture of themselves, dressed for what they call "hiking," in too tight, short breeches, untidily half-open blouses, and ungainly sweaters tied by the arms round their middles, they could not, in their sane senses, saunter out into the light of day. If they could, it should be considered evidence of madness.

Of course, no restraining corset, no silhouette padding could make this particular kind of costume becoming to such figures as we have de-

scribed. Shapes of any but the well-proportioned sort should shun all wayward, trampish, boyish outfits as white souls shun the devil—and this, since there are few occasions in most women's lives when they cannot be more alluring in short skirts than they can in knickerbockers, should not grieve them. But, for the every-day wear of every-day life, every-day figures can be moulded according to the desire of the moment. When it was the mode to be abundantly rounded, they were rounded abundantly, with each curve held rigidly in place. When nineteen inches ceased to be the correct waist-measure, buckram and steel yielded gradually to the demands made upon them, and a certain pliability appeared in the form of beauty.

Beauty still had form, but it was not so rigid. Then, it suddenly became fashionable to be flat; flat and uniformed, and the feminine world was so. After that began the reign of apparently untrammelled charms. Loveliness was further than ever removed from Lesbia (if it was Lesbia) of the slender waist. "Lesbia hath a slender waist, but all so tight the maid hath laced it, that not a charm which nature gave presumes to stay

where nature placed it." So sighed the lady's poet-swain reprovingly. If he had lived to-day, he would have been able to note every one of nature's charms placed exactly according to nature and not troubling themselves to disguise the fact, either. And if the maid were finely constructed, well: and, if not so finely, alas, but genteel youthfulness would be, at least generally speaking, slim.

Now, however, that the ease of the corsetless craze has struck the elders of extreme youth, opulence of outline is only too discoverable, and charms simply run riot. This is where figures should lie if they can and lie to their own advantage. It is both seemly and expedient for them to do so. With the present tubular effect in outside wraps, the form inside cannot afford itself a single protuberance. With dresses flat at the back, it must be flat, too; and it cannot be otherwise in front, because, should drapery be massed there, as it often is, too much of an understructure would be awkward. In short, no matter how slothfully contented the average woman is without corsets, vanity should intervene with a fierce scream of warning.

Something in the way of gentle constraint should be applied to exuberant graces. Ladies not of the lance-like type must remember that only by extreme repression can they fit themselves decently into modern garments. Clouds and billows of drapery are all very well in pictures, but, for walking upon the earth to-day, only the perfect skeleton can permit itself entire freedom from the ghost of a corset. A mere apology for one will do, but it is required to give the desired moving mummy effect so necessary to a successful appearance.

III

THE SUN AND OUR DAUGHTERS

ONE of the late fads among lovely ladies, particularly to be remarked in the ardent atmosphere of the Riviera, and also in that of Venice and the Lido, is the desire they all display to be black in the sun. We have often been told that we become black in the dark, and, though some of us may feel it a great test of both courage and credulity to believe this, it is held to be a well-established fact. But willingly, or, as one might say, wilfully, to burn oneself black before the eyes of the world in the daylight, is an astounding vagary of fashion.

Our great-grandmothers, with their white-camellia skins and faint anemone flushes, would be "astonied for the space of an hour" (as was once the prophet Daniel) if they could look upon their descendants, the young Madames and Misses of to-day, colored like unto the bowls of meerschaum pipes.

Rich browns, umbers, burnt siennas, Indian reds, these are the hues and tints to be acquired

by modish bodies, exposed as far and as frequently as possible to the rays of the fiery sun. Parasols, shade hats, swathing veils are cast aside. The modest V, once rosily apparent just below the throat of casual gentility, spreads to chest and shoulders, to arms, and, as the bathing-season advances, to legs. Most faces have long since been sweetly tanned, and so it only remains for the rest of anatomies to take on the general aspect of bronzed and polished statues. The gaudy colors of summer life and its surroundings —of intense blue in skies and seas, of intense green in grass and yellow in sands, of brightly balconied houses, of gorgeously striped awnings, of enamelled flowers, of brilliant dresses, all shimmering in golden light—probably demand more colorful covering to the human frame, which would otherwise be a weak and insipid note in the general kaleidoscope of hot, bright tone-values.

It may be so. Anything may be so. Pearls on darkened skins may show off to the greatest advantage, and if their wearers like to think of themselves as backgrounds, as the Ethiope's ear, for rich jewels, who is to gainsay them? Amber

and gold, too, go well with the meerschaum complexion and the flaming oranges and vermilions of barbarically scanty garments. No doubt, the causes for these effects are to be found in the South Sea Island pictures of Gauguin and his followers. Dusky savages in radiant rags under a rain of sunbeams, backed by the emerald jungle or the liquid sapphire of smoothly rolling waves, are not without attraction. But, thank heaven, the fashionable ones exhibit (and exhibit is exactly the right word in the right place) better figures and more shapely limbs. Moreover, even when one sees them reclining, one believes they may be able to stand erect, and when one sees them standing erect, one believes they may be able to preserve their equilibrium quite indefinitely, which is more than can be said for the pictured savages.

The drawbacks to this pleasantly obvious carelessness of appearance, however, are really many. In the first place, it is not easy, it is, indeed, extremely difficult, to obtain a smooth, uniform, well-put-on coat of tan. Some skins freckle. Some turn a bright red. Some peel painfully. The fine, deep, even color takes time and

skill to achieve. Well, then, just as the adherents of delicate, house-bred living adopted pale powders for greater-seeming delicacy, so the supporters of the wild, untrammelled life are forced to the usage of dark powders for greater-seeming wildness. If brown, beige, or russet is the wear for epidermises, and the epidermises have not had a sufficient time to cook, or have taken poorly to the process, they must be assisted.

Nature often requires a good deal of assistance from art before it can become handsomely natural; more, even, than when it is content to stay artful. Those lilac and green complexions, stablike mouths, drooping eyes, and weary limbs were really simpler in the up-keep, although they may not have appeared so. To stay at home, leading an unhealthy, sedentary life, and assume its colors if one had them not, was child's play in comparison to the acquiring of a perfect sun-kissed covering. Easier also was the earlier rose and pearl of the romantic domestic school. In fact, almost anything is easier than to be the complete South Sea Islander.

But I am told that enterprising persons have invented not only every variety of powder and

dye but some sort of very powerful electric light apparatus which can turn the most obstinate and untoastable skin to a crisp burned biscuit shade. Not having tried this, I am unable to testify as to the merits of the operation. It is in all probability no more painful than the first effects of a strong sun-bath on unaccustomed arms and shoulders. It may possibly be cheaper than repeated sun-baths, taken, as they are, in places of the utmost repute and fashion. Indeed, it is to obviate the necessity of having to attend such places that electricity has been brought into play. Why go to the seashore when an excellent tan may be had round the next corner? Why breathe in ozone worth its weight in gold, under the beams of the extravagant sun on the expensive strand, when one can take on the semblance of savagery for a—perhaps—quite reasonable sum?

However, no sum is reasonable nowadays, particularly when the latest thing in modern fashions for beauty is to be obtained by it. Taking things by and large, the appearance of the Simple, Natural Lifer is probably more costly than the appearance of the Secluded,

Hothouse Heroine ever was. Creamy complexions, rosy cheeks, and carnelian lips, delicate snowflake hands, crossed, light as feathers, on a manly arm, were preserved at far less outlay of time, trouble, and money than are the attributes of the wind-and-weather enchantresses of this day. And the wind-and-weather enchantresses are no more beautiful. We know, because our great-grandfathers have often told us so.

IV

UNTIDY MINDS

ONE of the most objectionable features about untidiness is that, like bad temper, it brings suffering upon every one but the offender. Persons of neat, mild temperament are almost driven to envy the blustering dispositions and disorderly habits of those who stamp and pound ruthlessly through life, leaving devastation behind them. Virtue feels that no premium is put upon it when all the world benefits by its well-doing, while it, itself, patiently endures the discomforts induced by other people's faults.

And, yet, so it is. Perhaps in good old-fashioned times, when parents were disciplinarians, Mary did suffer for it when she bit little William. But nowadays, while, no doubt, Mary's mental state might occasion grave uneasiness to Mary's father and mother, the incident would be physically painful to no one but William; who, if he were a child of any spirit, would

register a vow to be in future the biter rather than the bit. According to Christian teachings, this would be wrong of William, but, according to his experiences in the world he was born to inhabit, it would be simple self-protection.

Unfortunately, in the matter of untidiness, turning the tables upon the slovens would not be quite so easy. A gentle person, roused, might swear or strike back; might even, like the infant William, elect to bite first, but no tidy people can force themselves to outdo the untidy. No naturally order-loving mortal can exist in slovenly surroundings. The slovenly are, apparently, quite content to do so, and would probably not notice even a thousandfold increase in dirt and disorder. That is their strong position; their rock of defense. They don't care at all, themselves, and they care even less than that how others feel about it.

There is a certain coarseness of mind about this, as well as a certain unfairness. When one person, picnicking in a public park, knows that the scattering about of his papers and fruit-skins, if persisted in by every one, would make the greensward look like the city dump-ground,

his continuing to do it shows a gross disregard of civic decency. If the boys of a family—and this will appeal to every maiden aunt out of Bedlam—insist upon bringing all their coats and caps, school-books and bags, skates and hockey-sticks, into the living-room, a state of disturbance prevails which cannot fail to be disagreeable to their elders and for which there is absolutely no reason.

The amount of pleasure derived by the young from tossing their possessions aside, to fall, like the proverbial chips, where they may, is out of all proportion to the discomfort endured by the other inhabitants of a becluttered apartment, and one would sometimes be glad if every youthful male were brought up in the Navy, where neatness to the square inch reigns and orders have to be obeyed with at least an appearance of briskness. Even one well-trained midshipmite would conceivably be of great advantage to the home circle.

As for girls, when they are slatternly at all, nothing equals them, and it would be safe to say, that, if any loverly eye could pierce the ceiling of their unspeakable bowers, that eye—

should there be an ounce of common sense in the brain behind it—would, from that moment, cease to be loverly. Of course, this is supposing the brain to be one that can learn, mark, and inwardly digest the lesson of the facts spread out before it, which is a good deal to expect of any brain in the condition alluded to.

Nevertheless, let all take warning, for, as an indication of character, some sorts of untidiness are dreadfully suggestive. Not just the stepping out of a lacy circle of garments and forgetting, or omitting to pick them up; not the careless flinging of a pretty dressing-gown on a chair-back, or the kicking of high-heeled bedroom slippers to right and left. A still-life picture of such not unappropriate confusion might be rather charming.

But the state of things described by the expression "hurrah's nest": hairpins dropped about the floor, combs and brushes trailing human hair (than which, out of the human head, nothing is more revolting!), powder-dust over the pincushion, or little, terrible wads of powder-paper scattered on the dressing-table, a bit of used absorbent cotton in one corner, the torn

scraps of a letter cast in the general direction of the waste-paper basket; withered flowers, a crumpled towel on the bed among the mussed coverings—what symptoms all this shows of a slipshod, selfish, tasteless, stupid habit of mind!

It is slipshod to allow inanimate things to create this atmosphere of squalor about one, even if a quick and competent maid—and how many of us have them nowadays?—should be at hand to restore order. It is selfish to give any maid, competent or incompetent, perfectly unnecessary work to do. It is an economic waste of energy to make half a dozen motions where three would suffice.

Say a letter is to be destroyed. Suppose it is torn up, the pieces put back into the envelope, and the envelope thrown into the waste-paper basket by the person concerned. That suggests three actions. Suppose it is torn up and the pieces thrown heedlessly toward the waste-paper basket. That suggests six or more. The pieces must be stooped for and collected, the person who stooped must straighten up again and carry the pieces to the basket, where, if they are not somehow confined, they will flutter out again,

most likely, when emptied into the next receptacle on their way to the home of homeless papers, and will have to be again collected.

It is slipshod and selfish, then, to be untidy, for it throws the burden of one's unfinished actions upon others. It is tasteless, because it presents one mentally and physically in an unattractive light. It is stupid because all careless, unfinished actions are futile, and to be futile is to be stupid; and not to notice, or not to care, what the effect of such actions may be on others is stupidity itself.

Meanness, also, may be imputed to the habit of untidiness, for if each person made as little dirt and disorder as possible, a good many people would be saved from the disagreeable necessity of clearing up after them. If we have any self-respect we owe it to ourselves to do our share of whatever is to be done as well as we can do it, not as carelessly as it can be slouched through and, in the vernacular, "got away with." There ought to be some satisfaction in performing every motion as smartly as possible, in finishing every action to the end. No one denies that some confusion must be incident to emergency; to

sudden, hurried actions; to daily tasks, even, where efficiency would be hampered, or genius chilled, by constant pernickety attention to neatness. But, in the ordinary affairs of ordinary people, a little thought concentrated upon how they might spare their fellow mortals a great deal of trouble by taking a small amount themselves, would tend to make the world go round more smoothly.

V

SMARTNESS VERSUS PRETTINESS

A WOMAN may be as ugly as she pleases (though, to do them justice, few women are) and yet be smart. This attribute has almost nothing to do with beauty. I saw a cat the other day which, when examined in detail, had little to recommend it. A cat of a very ordinary cat color, that limped. Its tail had been reduced to a stump, either by act of God or the King's enemies; moreover, it was going to have kittens, which did not improve its figure. Yet that cat had an air of distinction; it was a very Duchess among cats. It moved along sedately; aloof, scorning the outside world, holding itself superior to everything it met, human or otherwise; and it compelled admiration. It was as smart a cat as ever I saw.

With humility I submit that what that cat could do any determined personality could. A woman can hold herself ten per cent off her looks, and even if they are pretty looks they will

not count for much. Or she may hold herself ten per cent above them, and even if they are plain looks they won't count much either. So there it is. One must make the best of one's best points and conduct oneself accordingly. Not that self-consciousness is to be recommended. No, indeed. I just suggest that to carry oneself with a certain confidence is an asset and makes for respectful commendation from onlookers.

Frenchwomen know better than others how to be smart, and they care less about mere prettiness. There is a sort of dash in the shape of their hats and curve of their veils. We know that the hat bends with purpose, not just because it has been too much fingered; that the veil billows because it was so designed, and not because it was insecurely fastened. There is a crispness of intention about every detail, and their very lines are sharper, more clear-cut than ours. Also they care exceedingly for appropriateness in dress and seldom forget to be as critical of themselves as they would be of others.

A very good example of the differences between American working-women and French working-women was to be seen in the female

conductors of the tram-cars during the War (for on both sides of the water they used female car-conductors). The Frenchwoman had her plain black over-blouse closely belted in, high-collared, and coming well down to the edge of a not too short skirt; her small black cap, in shape like a soldier's fatigue-cap, set firmly, if a little aside, upon a trimly dressed head. Her face was sharp-featured, perhaps, her skin rather dark, but her whole appearance was trig, tidy, alert, well turned out. The American woman, on the other hand (suffering a little from being of many mixed nationalities), was sloppy, and she lolled. She wore some sort of khaki-colored cotton coat and too short skirt, with breeches and gaiters, all imitative of a man's costume and all crumpled; usually soiled, to boot. Her coat was never buttoned. She imagined that by leaving what the shops call "an outing shirt" wide open at the neck she was making it more becoming. Perhaps for the same reason she wore her army cap far back on her head to show a fringe of rough hair. Nothing was trim, nothing was tidy, nothing was well adjusted. She was very likely trying to look her best, but she had no idea that

to do so, she should (for such a costume) forget individual prettiness in order to be properly dressed. If her clothes were almost those of a man, so should her looks have been; no curls, a collar snugly attached, a tie well tied, a coat well buttoned, a cap well set forward on the head, and her general appearance would have gained enormously in the only kind of good looks that mattered at the moment, those of possessing a neat figure smartly turned out for its work.

That is one of the things to be noticed in regard to American dressing. It is often unsuitable. No Frenchwoman would go to her office work in the kind of lacy, beflowered, beflounced gown she would wear to a garden-party. But we have sometimes seen the American girl of the New York business section seated at the typewriter or telephone in the full consciousness that King Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of her.

Prettiness, as we said before, is sometimes out of place, particularly in business hours, and it has little to do with smartness. Even fashion has less to do with smartness than might be supposed. It is a question of selecting things suitable

to one's face, figure, character, and mode of life. Women should feel that it is more important to know how to adjust the ordinary accessories of the ordinary costume than to keep adding new things to their wardrobes. One may have the latest fashioned clothes by the dozen and be ill dressed, and one may have clothes of no special fashion and be extremely well dressed. Small details are extraordinarily effective; the color and fit of gloves and stockings, for instance. A glove should never be in the least tight; a stocking should never be loose; we have known the matrimonial future of an estimable young woman shattered because in stepping carelessly out of a motor she exhibited a pair of stockings which wrinkled above the ankle.

The white gloves so universally worn in this country are seldom seen abroad. Very pale shades of gray, stone color, tan color, and other neutral shades are preferred; white gloves are supposed to make the hands look large. The angle of a feather, the pinning of a veil, a finely polished boot, a firmly tied shoe, neat heels (which are not as common as one wishes they were), fresh ribbons in embroidered underclothes

—nobody can be too particular in regard to such things, and good dressing has far more to do with the way one puts on one's clothes than with the clothes one puts on, to say nothing of the carriage of the backbone beneath.

VI

RECURRING PATTERNS IN FASHION'S PAGEANTRY

WHEN the first young female daredevil decided to have her hair bobbed, it is to be doubted whether she bethought her of Velasquez' frizzle-headed Infantas, or that, running to Lodge's portraits, she put her finger upon the picture of Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester (*ob.* 1659) or Elizabeth of Bohemia (*ob.* 1662), and said to herself and the barber, "I must look like one of these ladies." And yet, to all intents and purposes, she has repeated the general effect of their short curls and crisp crêpés. Hers are, perhaps, a little shorter, and she is not so set upon the fringe, or the sickle-shaped locks across the forehead, as were the English ladies of Charles the First's time, but the difference is slight. As for the moyen-âge page-boy bowl-cut for straight-haired damsels, it could not be bettered. Whether short hair is or is not now on the decline in the fash-

ionable world is a question that neither elates nor depresses a philosophical mind; which is the kind of mind one must keep.

If the up-and-downishness of the waist failed to move us; if the rise and fall of the hem-line caused us no other qualms than those incident to the ungracefulness of some of the legs displayed, why on earth should we be troubled by the length or brevity of human hair upon the female head? Many times before have ears suffered eclipse, and many times before have they emerged. When they show, the earring (if worn) may be of any shape; when they are hidden, long swinging pendants must be used to mark the places where they are supposed to be. It was so in the curtain-loop period of hair-dressing, when framed mosaics dangled from secluded lobes. It has been so again in the late chrysanthemum cluster, with a revival of tassels, gipsy-hoops, or classic designs. Indeed, these still occupy front places in shop-windows.

But it is all part of a most diverting pageant, which, for its novelty, turns and returns upon itself, not following the old pattern with exactitude, but adapting large or small portions to

suit its moods; and, as in architecture, ornament is still supposed to be the survival of something fundamentally useful, so, in every tag and tail of fashion, it is interesting to trace as an embellishment what was once an old-time necessity.

Nothing can be more amusing, looked at in a light-hearted way, than to watch the moods of fashion and trace their reason. Why, for instance, did it suddenly please the ultra-smart woman, as her crinkle-curled fancy waned, to pull her hair straight back, leaving a hitherto shadowed face almost startlingly bare? Because, after a series of modes which had accustomed the world to viewing much of her charming figure in a state of agreeable nudity, her face was almost the only thing she had left to bare startlingly. And with it she created a curious, hard, clean, devastating sort of shock, rather stimulating, like that of cold water, and distinctly effective.

It is difficult to trace this particular phase to any fixed model of a former day, and perhaps, since it has not been so much adopted by our Anglo-Saxon beauties, it is not generally germane to their interest. But it may have had its

counterpart in the alluring, cold, uncompromising countenances of high-born dames in those middle ages that affected the single or the two-horn hennin headgear, and began the bateau neck-line. Impassivity, which seems somehow to go with the exposed face, is as seductive as animation, and sometimes more so. Who does not long to know what is going on behind a mask?

The Greek peplum, the one-piece princess frock, the long-waisted, nail-studded, full-skirted mediæval gown, how many times have they appeared, and will they reappear, sometimes with a few, sometimes with all, their old attributes! No fashion is really dead beyond hope—or should one say beyond fear?—of resurrection. Hoop-skirts that were again so near us a short time ago, may be nearer; may turn into bustles, or, in their old form, completely surround us. Who can tell?

Poke bonnets, we know, were lately seen poking a little: and one may say in their favor that to a great many faces shade is vastly more becoming than sunlight. Darting from country to country, as well as from age to age, how divertingly the spirit of the mode snatched the long,

unbuttoned, Russian coat-sleeve to put into one sort of garment, the Japanese kimono pouch-sleeve for another. It just stopped short of the trailing sleeve of an earlier European day, tied in a knot to keep it off the floor. One would, no doubt, have yielded to this also.

Ornaments, too; clasps, jewelled buttons, buckles, belts, combs—how their rainbow tide flows and ebbs, and flows again. Great-grandmammas wore combs. Then combs disappeared. Suddenly some one said: "See what an effect those Spanish women make with their vivid shawls and the high combs in their heavy black hair! We must have shawls and combs." And everybody had them.

What induced clasps? At one time not a throat could be seen that had not precious stones about it, and then, in a world maddened by war, those throats, and the heads and ears on top of them, became all too conspicuous when tricked out with necklaces, and diadems, and earrings. So bang went all the lovely gems into great clasps supporting exquisite draperies at shoulder or waist. Hidden under the evening cloak, no one but their Tanagra-figured owners was aware of

them. Pearls could be wound round arms altogether bare and beautiful, and necks in their finely moulded freedom challenged observation boldly. Heads began to be simply banded with silver ribbon, or filleted with golden braid, and the classic goddess came to earth again in our midst. To-day we might describe ourselves as "all boys together."

Among quaint little ornaments that would be charming if ever they could return, are the fastenings once in fashion among noble ladies to keep their rich furs about their shoulders. These survive to-day in the hooks and chains (generally crocheted over in brown silk) which hold our sables, our minks, our silver foxes about our own persons. But, as compared to the former way, how ignobly.

There are, in the portrait gallery of one of the old palaces in the Italian town of Brescia eight lovely countesses, of whom three at least are pictured wearing whole minks or otters richly fastened. Two of the little beasts have jewelled bits, and one a collar. These are attached to golden chains hooked into the belts of the ladies, and would prevent any possible loss of the furs.

Now, if one should be equally cautious today, how amusing it would be to step into a shop with one's munificent Ferdinand or Orlando.

"Dearest," one would say, "please give me a new collar and bit for my new neckpiece. It's Russian sable, a perfect specimen, and I should hate to lose it."

"What a careful child it is," would Ferdinand or Orlando reply. "Let us step into this fine jeweller's and give the order. Do you want the things set with rubies or emeralds?"

Of course, neither Ferdinand nor Orlando would realize that their ladies were copying the ladies of Brescia; they would just think it an eccentric, though expensive, new fashion and pray that while it lasted it might not change.

VII

EDUCATION AND HAPPINESS

FROM the time of Adam, it would seem as if man, in his primitive condition, had been less interested than woman in acquiring knowledge. Perhaps this might be set down to a minus curiosity on his part and a plus on hers. But, whatever the cause, to Eve alone did the wily serpent address himself, and we have no reason to suppose that Eve's lord would not have continued forever contentedly naming the animals and enjoying Eden if she, having tasted, had not offered him the apple.

To be sure, he need not have accepted it. He might have replied to her as the little athletic boy replied to the little learned boy: "No, I don't understand mathematics and I can't speak French, but I *can* punch your head!" However, he did not so reply. He ate of the apple, and the only trouble seems to be that the generality of him has not eaten enough. Or perhaps one might put it that Adam confines

himself too much to apples, while Eve tries the flavor of many another kind of fruit.

Boys, particularly American boys, go to school and college with the idea before them not so much of cultivation for cultivation's sake as for special courses with a view to a subsequent career. This of itself would limit, to some degree, the amount of time and interest they were prepared to give to general subjects. Business success, either through trade or a profession, is the aim of almost every one. The great money-making game is forced upon them by circumstance or public opinion.

But it seems a pity that, while in their minds they must admit this, they should consider it the part of manliness to starve their tastes in order to conform to it. Athletics they allow with an almost universal agreement. But to cultivate any knowledge of trees and plants, unless one definitely meant to be a forester or a landscape gardener; any liking for design, detail, and color, unless one intended to be an architect or an interior decorator; any great interest in music, unless a world-wide profession opened before one; any real study of languages, unless a career

in diplomacy or some trading interest demanded it; in fact, to be a man of many and varied tastes because, although possibly unprofitable, such tastes give the highest form of pleasure, would be inconceivable to most of our college youth.

And those to whom it was conceivable—whose bringing up and whose home life had induced the slightest appreciation of pictures, books, music; of beauty in landscape and garden, fine proportion in rooms and furniture, lovely surface in china and shape in glass; who took the least interest in languages, history, or literature; who showed any preference for an educated tone of voice or the decent articulation of words—such have, no doubt, even though qualified in games and sports, been forced to run the gantlet of rough ridicule from the masses of their contemporaries, or do themselves and their forebears the despite of discarding a goodly heritage for the peace of living among hoodlums as the hoodlums dictated.

If, then, it is true that young men grow up in quantities despising, or ignoring, any habit of mind that does not have to do with business, sport, or the cruder side of amusement, how

ought we to educate our young women for marriage with them? How little should a wife know in order to be happy with the average husband? She might be taught how to keep house; for, whether his income be small or great, a man has a right to expect both sensible economy and sensible expenditure in his home circle. She might learn with advantage something about the care of infants and the bringing up of children. She would do well to study herself with reference to dress and dress with reference to herself. She could encourage any taste she might have for newspapers and the not too intellectual periodicals and novels; for the ordinary music show, for the modern light comedy, for the moving pictures; for cards, perhaps, and some kinds of outdoor exercise; for anything, in fact, which produces just the right amount of cerebration and no more in the tired business brain.

But suppose, just for the sake of supposing, that she happens to be literary, or seriously musical, or artistic, or merely just well educated, so that a dozen interests are burning in her which mean less than nothing to him. What chance of companionship is there between those

two? Suppose world politics bore him, foreign countries suggest only opportunities for shrewd dealing and have no historical or geographical significance, that he derides their customs and cannot speak their tongues; suppose science appears like a higher sort of conjury; suppose he doesn't care for reading, and that anything not of the most obvious and commonplace in the way of fun seems to him putting on airs. ("Highbrow stuff," in his vernacular.)

Where shall their minds meet pleasantly, beyond their joint concern in a house and possibly in a family? And if their feelings about their house and family should differ—which they very well might—as much regarding the arrangement of the house and the education of the family as their tastes differed in other matters, where would their minds meet at all? The mating instinct, natural, simple, and beautiful as it is, may quite properly attract two people whom civilization has rendered entirely unsuitable for life companionship.

Shall we force cultivation upon our sons, or deny it to our daughters? The latter seems the simpler, for at least we shall not have to work

against fathers, and companions, as well as youth itself. The girls will not mind beautifying their exteriors rather than their interiors. And when we succeed in striking out any but the most housewifely studies; when we bring them up to wait dutifully upon their masculine relations, that they may be well accustomed to it against the time when courtship is over and matrimony begins; when we train them to accept the opinions and yield to the tastes of their husbands, always courteous and serviceable the while, we shall, doubtless, have contributed more than ever before to the happiness of homes.

VIII

THE LURE OF THE LOVELY FROCK

ONCE every day, and twice on Sundays, women ought to tell themselves (what we so constantly repeat to them) that being possessed of some of the most attractive garments in the world does not necessarily mean that they will be well dressed. Sometimes, indeed, the contrary is the case, for, having yielded to the lure of the lovely frock, or hat, or whatever it happens to be, they are often constrained to abandon the purchase of more suitable, if commonplace, apparel.

Shop-windows are greatly to be blamed. Passing them in modest meditation a girl is suddenly confronted by a wonderful combination of peach and rosy flame, set over gleaming silver lace and flesh-colored satin, with just one touch of almond green somewhere about it. This creation is displayed upon a figure or languishes upon a chair. Recognizing it at once as one of those dresses that look good enough to eat, and know-

ing that she has no earthly business even to nibble at it, she immediately enters the shop. She only wants to ask the price; to know that it is entirely beyond her means; to sigh the sigh of suddenly stilled longing and continue upon her virtuous way.

But, oh, merciful heavens, it is marked down! By going without the walking boots, silk-and-wool stockings, thick coat, one-piece morning dress, and smart felt hat which she was contemplating, she can just not afford it. So she orders it to be sent home forthwith. Home it comes, and requires new slippers and stockings to go with it, demands a suitable equipage whenever it takes the night air, turns up its nose at the opera cloak which surmounts it, and is so perfectly sure to attract attention (for no one, having once seen it, can possibly forget it) that its owner is a markedly conspicuous figure whenever she puts it on.

Now, to be a markedly conspicuous figure is delightful. Nothing can be more agreeable to the female heart. But to be conspicuous, every time one is conspicuous, by reason of having on the same frock, is absurd. To keep up such a stand-

ard of superexcellence one should have a wardrobe full of equally grand habiliments of every sort, together with the appurtenances thereof. If one can't do that on one's allowance it were much better to be simpler all round. High spots of glory with the rest makeshift—no matter how delectable any high spot may be—is parlous poor dressing.

No. Our unfortunate little object-lesson lady should have resisted that peach and silver splendor. Instead of seeing herself—as she did on the instant—shining before eyes adoring and eyes envious in the ballroom, she should have looked at the companion picture. An ill-attired little every-day figure, the Cinderella of her midnight hours. And let us tell all Cinderellas, though they probably won't believe a word of it, that to be suitably and smartly dressed every day is far more likely to attract the approving eyes of princes and other male persons than any evening magnificence. A prince may have a fine general impression of delicate, swirling draperies, as he dances with the alluring girl, but nine out of ten of him won't have the least notion what her dress was really like. Every man, how-

ever, will have a very pretty, particular idea of the trim heel and ankle, neat skirt, well-cut coat, and roguish hat flitting daintily up the street ahead of him; to say nothing of the suède glove on the hand which comes out of a demure muff to meet his when he has caught up with the flying figure of his charmer. A man notices a woman's ensemble more in the street than anywhere else.

There is nothing romantic about the everyday clothes of most people, unless they can afford to go almost constantly to the greatest artists in the dressmaking world; and, of course, the sight of drama and romance, framed in the windows of seductive emporiums, is too much for others besides the very young. Even if one is fat, fair, and thirty-nine, the tricorne hat and half-enveloping, half-floating lace veil call to mind the pictures of gondola prows nearing weed-stained steps, and one's own figure (as it was, say, ten years ago) wrapped to the eyes and about to venture—who knows where?

One forgets that there is gray in a once satin-smooth black head when the palpitating flowers of a Spanish shawl call for an insolent Carmen

shoulder to be thrown over. And of course one stopped being Carmen about the time the wonderful Calvé began it, and what one really needs is a good, dark, dignified evening wrap in which one can be respectably bundled up for years, and a hat that does not, as the French say, "date itself," nor oneself, either. Those flashing moments which every woman has till she is a hundred, are not the moments to dress for.

The daily round is the dull thing to be considered, and involves the proper adjustment of one's clothes to one's usual needs and one's usual looks. The flattery of dressmakers' and milliners' glasses should be viewed with suspicion; and especially to be questioned is the scampishness of one's own disposition, which constantly beckons one aside and whispers: "Here, buy this; it's perfectly exquisite and the greatest of great bargains."

Never, never will any woman be well dressed who yields to that satanic temptation! Sternly must she hold before her the smartness of line, the suitability of color and material, the propriety of the model she selects for the use to which she intends to put it, and never should

she be ensnared by the lovely frock just because it is lovely. It will not even be that, if the wearing of it is ill advised.

It is a thousand times better dressing to be properly turned out for ordinary occasions than to be superlatively ready for extraordinary ones. Many women find this difficult to believe. Moreover, it is much easier to get the dress that is a little too fine to be smart for every-day use than the plain costume with an air to it and the accessories that are better than pretty.

Many are the hats that would be charming in a tableau which, in the street, are the sport of the winds; and comparatively few that are smart, practical, and suitable for street wear are picturesque. The feet of the foolish look enchanting to them in high-heeled satin slippers and shoes, but unless one is bedridden to a motor (which is extremely bad for both figure and constitution) one does walk the pavements from time to time, and heaven does not always keep them as bone-dry for the just as it should.

Nothing looks worse in snow and rain than thin shoes and bedraggled clothes, yet, though rainy and snowy weather cannot fail to be our

frequent portion as the years roll on, we make little real preparation to meet them as modish women should. Good-looking, thick-soled boots are harder to come by than flimsy ones, but they are obtainable. Money spent to make them handsome—to add to them the latest thing in stout umbrellas, close-fitting, saucy hats, and swaggering, caped coats (dashing in winter sunshine and defiant of storm)—is money excellently spent. It takes hard work, ingenuity, and self-denial to turn out a modest daily fashion-plate, but that's what it means to be well dressed.

IX

OUR ENEMY, THE WRINKLE

NO one wants them—that is, the kind that impress themselves upon the human countenance—and to women they represent what the writing on the wall did to Belshazzar after it was interpreted. Wrinkles come from many causes, but the chief one is worry, and that is why women, as a rule, have more than men. Their worries are of a particularly tiresome description, not generally desperate enough to call out great qualities to meet them, but infinitely provoking of irritation and consequent indigestion.

Women's intuitions know ahead, as the cat's whiskers know impediments in the dark, things that are going to make trouble and just how much trouble they are going to make; the efforts that will ensue to tired muscles and weary brains; the inevitable adjustments and readjustments of households to meet apparently trivial demands. Sensitiveness, or the experience which gives them foresight, tempts women to

meet trouble half way or to attempt the ungrateful process known as smoothing things over, and if that doesn't help to create wrinkles, we do not know what does. Men, with a God-given stolidity, keep themselves aloof from the disagreeable thing till it has happened. Women apprehend it.

Then, too, men's muscles are firmer. Nature, exercise, the outer air, and, perhaps, cold water help to keep their faces from sagging and falling into lines as the softer faces of women do. None of these remarks are intended to apply to the people of entire outdoor life, the pioneers, the ranch-makers, the tillers of the soil. With them the sun and the wind have had too much their way. But their wrinkles are wrinkles of the skin only, and the wrinkles we speak of are wrinkles of the soul.

To allow our faces to form them is a species of civilized Western self-indulgence. Eastern peoples' faces, whether we choose to consider them handsome or not, are much more apparently placid than ours. We have a way, particularly we Americans, of playing our features about in a bright, overanimated manner; of letting our

expressions show our emotions, till gradually the predominant emotions make grooves for themselves, pleasant or otherwise, but still real grooves. We forget that it is not necessary, in order to appear the capable women we are, to have eyes, nose, and mouth proclaim it in a sort of everlasting alertness.

Capable women are apt to expect too much of themselves. They do not leave anything to Fate. Lacking philosophy, they struggle beyond the tidal point of successful struggling; and constant contending is bad for the face. Incapable ones, on the contrary, expecting too much of others, may develop a grudge against humanity. This also is bad for the face. So are envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. So is a dull, brooding life. So is too little exercise. So is overeating and consequent inertia. So, above all, are nerves. A great many line-making habits are within our own control, only it is such an infernal bore to control ourselves that we would rather have the wrinkles and complain about them. And as we go to the good doctor to be given something which will permit us to do just what we like with impunity, so we seek the

beauty specialist that she may rub out the lines we spend the time between treatments obstinately putting in.

Wonderful, indeed, are the beauty specialists. They make us over in the nicest way. We leave their restful parlors feeling rejuvenated, our faces smoother, our complexions softer and clearer, with the clean, fresh brilliancy of a butterfly's wing, and our hearts uplifted by the happy sense of looking our best or a little better. But how many of them must wish that we could give them better material to work on—eyes unhaggard by strain or greed, muscles strengthened by non-sedentary living, and through which we have sent the blood bounding at least once a day, a body that has not been allowed to grow fat and lazy, a skin fine-grained and unclogged by processes of slow food-assimilation, a nervous organization under some sort of control! What cannot a beauty specialist do with a subject like that, a subject who really does her credit?

It is possible to breathe in deeply a great deal of fresh air in a day. It is possible to take certain simple exercises and keep oneself supple by

practising them. It is possible to eat a good deal less than one has set before one and feel the better for it. It is possible not to yield to inertia. It is even possible to refuse to let oneself be upset by most of the daily trials, to draw a great sigh from the depths, and, after expelling it, make up one's mind that it is not worth while suffering from both the trial and one's own temper, too. There is a strange buoyancy of spirit that comes from a determined purposing to take most things amusedly, and all the others as philosophically as possible.

The Eastern peoples do not seem to feel any particular need of laughter with their philosophy, and their faces are calm and grave. But we seem to need it with ours, and so we had better make our faces calm and humorous. The humor may bring a few wrinkles about the eyes, but, after all, we are not obliged to show any more of it than is strictly necessary. We can laugh to ourselves, and we can teach our spirits to hover in a slightly detached, balloon-like manner above our perplexities, treating them as if they were those, say, of our younger sister. This greatly assists the repose of the features.

The most year-defying woman I know resolutely refuses to let Time wrinkle her. She does not shirk hard work, but she will not overfatigue herself. She does exercises every morning and evening. She drinks a great deal of water. She eats with unusual moderation, particularly at night, thereby giving her digestion nothing to tire it. She insists upon living an active and interesting life, which is more a matter of personal determination, and personal outlook, than many people believe, and she is one of the best living examples of the art of the beauty specialists, because she gives them such a splendid background for their most finished and artistic work.

X

THE CLOTHES, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL

THERE is an expression, no doubt of vulgar origin, known as "beating the band," and, irreverent as it would be, one might say of some overcaparisoned old war-horse of a dowager ("caparisoned" meaning pompously attired) that she was "dressed up to beat the band." One could not defend such a mode of speech, but, in the heat of the moment, one might employ it. Unhappily, however, the expression does not apply only to ill-judged affluence in the costume of the aged—who have sometimes the best of reasons for hiding personality under a heap of rich clothes.

The young are quite as apt to make Merry Andrews of themselves and at quite the wrong times. It was once said of a certain gentleman that he had furnished his house in the most sumptuous bad taste. It might equally be said of many girls of the present day. They are

dressed with the most exquisite bad taste, and they appear to be, if not exactly proud of it, at least calmly satisfied. Sometimes one wonders if the colors of Broadway's marvellous electric signs, palpitating and primitive, have not got into their blood. Wayward they are, at any rate, if not Broadwayward, and they burst forth into shapes and shades, trimmings and trappings, that can hardly be matched anywhere for inappropriateness.

To run to extremes is never good form, especially when the extremes are tasteless. For instance, if buttons happen to be a feature of the mode and some designer chooses to make a coat like a Louis XVI riding-coat and ornament it (most properly) with large handsome disks instead of invisible hooks, the foolish followers of magazine illustrations will break out in a sort of prodigal button fever, without in the least knowing where and how such things are befitting. Embroidered spots on one or two gowns will precipitate a kind of violent garment measles everywhere. When fringe is in fashion, the slavish copy-cat will almost bathe and sleep in fringes. And though this may seem an exaggera-

tion, it is not, after all, such a wildly exaggerated one. Not long ago, a young person was noticed at the Grand Central Station about to take the train for school, and that young person was dressed for travel principally in jet fringes.

If girls would only realize that to be inappropriately dressed is to be badly dressed, no matter how fine the garment or how delightful the design, they would have learned something more to their advantage than they could in any lawyer's letter telling of fortunes left to them by the wills of unknown uncles deceased in foreign lands. But when they are free to exercise their immature taste, and they select for travelling and street wear a model intended for an evening at home, they show themselves unfit to be trusted with even a small allowance.

Fortunately, schools for young ladies, as well as schools for children, have adopted the sensible plan of making all pupils conform to certain rules of good taste about clothing, at least during school hours. Shops, too, seem to demand a sort of uniformity in dress, as far as color is concerned. But the office girl is still untrammelled, as the girl known to the newspapers as "a so-

ciety girl" is untrammelled, and little does either of them care for time, place, degree, manner, or usage when selecting her clothes.

There are occasions when picturesque extravagance in costume is not to be criticized. All sorts of entertainments, and functions, and feasts, where it is pleasant to the eye and not at all contrary to common sense, might be named. If Angelica Silverleg—about to attend Mrs. Drum's afternoon musicale—steps from her mother's motor to the icy pavement showing a pair of lattice-sandalled feet, tottering upon French heels, and clad in the thinnest of gray silk stockings, we maintain that she is not outraging reason. Her feet are hardly for use at this time. They will be crossed before her, except when they are wandering about the lovely rooms after the music is over, while she drinks her tea and talks to enamored young men. And they are exceedingly pretty feet and well worth gazing upon. If she had had to wade through the snow with them, words can not describe how much of a fool one would have thought her. But having the good fortune to come on wheels, she can be shod in lace, if she likes, with impunity.

Absurd but charming is her whole appearance, from the top of her strange Chinese-looking hat to the sole of her silly shoe. And why should she not be as strange and charming as she pleases—as exaggerated in design, as magnificent in material, as any fashion-plate of any lady at any reception, since she is playing the part of one? But is it too much to ask that she should play equally well the part of a young lady taking a railway journey, or a walk in the park, or a trot out to do her shopping on foot (as some must), and wear serge, or cloth, or duvetine, or something suitable of the kind, a skirt of reasonable width, shoes with reasonable heels, with stockings of reasonable thickness, or gaiters, a small hat, which the winds could not blow askew, and soft furs pulled up about her sweet little chin? A neat outline is much to be admired from the best fashion-plate point of view, when the fashion-plate is supposed to be taking exercise, and plain smart shoes for walking—in which one can really walk—are the attributes of all ladies.

Those who work for their living must be most conservative in their choice of attire, no matter

how opposed to conservatism their fancy may be. When they choose a dress of a conspicuous kind, they should remember how long they may have to wear it and consider how well it will stand the sort of work they have to do. Materials that tear easily, that soil easily, that shed beads, that catch scraps of embroidery in chair-arms and door-handles, are not suitable. Very brilliant colors do not look businesslike and, holding the eye as they do, are things people notice too often and so grow tired of. To have a taste for clothes out of the ordinary and to have to live the sort of life which demands ordinary clothes, is a condition in which many of us find ourselves. Well, then, let us meet that condition with sense, and just that spice of spirit which teaches us to be most devastating when most demure.

XI

TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE

THE strange part of living in any place is that no matter how highly we regard it—and wouldn't for the world live anywhere else—we soon begin to be a little careless and patronizing about it. No one would willingly go so far as to quote the pompous old proverb about familiarity breeding contempt. We are not in the least contemptuous, but we are rather off-hand in our treatment of accustomed localities.

For example, it has never been admitted good form for a gentlewoman to walk out of her town house pinning her veil, putting on her gloves, or buttoning her coat—though since few coats or wraps and fewer gloves have buttons in these days, this must be taken as simply symbolic. She is not supposed to give the outside world the view of a lady performing the last rites of even so respectable a toilette.

But if she is urban, born and bred, she feels a little about her city as the naughty children in *Punch* felt when threatened with the nearest

policeman, "Oh, g'on! That's father." In other words, she takes her ease in habitual surroundings, and might even choose to saunter along for miles with her gloves in her hand and her coat flying open.

As the warm weather comes on, and trees and vines put on a thicker foliage, and flower-boxes bloom, and awnings display bright stripes and brighter stripes, town and the town-dwelling woman both mark the change of season by relaxing the *grande tenue*. They can neither of them appear in country clothes, but they make light of city ones.

All sorts of tricks can be played with the house. It can be dressed in chintz and have its pictures shrouded in glazed tarlatan. It can be pinafored in brown holland and have matting on its floors, or nothing on its floors but the gleaming polish that reminds one of a Biblical observation about the wicked walking in slippery places—which is more than many good men can do. And the woman will also dress herself in summery ways: shadier hats, thinner frocks, washable, and, if not of chintz exactly, at least of materials as fresh and cool looking.

She will not wear the sort of dress suitable for the country—short white duck or piqué skirts, soft white blouses, and comfortable tennis shoes —but she will wear muslins, or chiffons, or crêpes, in blues and grays, perhaps in gayer colors; and she will discard her veil, twirl her parasol, and even lounge smilingly against the seat of the oldest living street victoria, repudiating motors just for the fun of it.

She may dine at any little out-of-the-way restaurant, where one stumbles down steps and through low, crudely painted passages, past clashing kitchens, into the semi-darkness and coolness of backyards all set out with intimate little chairs and tables. There may be a tent roof above the heads of the diners, or there may be a glass one, but one can see the stars, and there is no band to interrupt half-whispered conversations, and one may look upon wine when it is red in the cup.

There are quiet roof restaurants, too, and others overlooking stretches of dusky park where, as one strolls lazily home after dinner, one may breathe in the night freshness of trees and feel the air palpitating with tenderness from

every shadowy bench. None of these places are fashionable, but our town mouse is apt to turn her pretty back upon fashion in summer. By these signs shall we know her.

The country mouse, on the contrary, has a reverence for the city; either because she does not usually live in it, or because, having removed herself from it for the hot season, it has suddenly lost its familiar air to her and become the home of formality. If she comes to town for the day, she dresses much more carefully than she would if she were still living there. Of course, this may be considered as due to the fact that for all the varied schemes of her metropolitan hours she must be generally well costumed.

But, as a matter of fact, if she only came to interview the tenth new cook and buy buttons for the baby's aprons, she would still wear something good and modish. The day in town is an event; an effort, perhaps, but an event, an expedition, almost an adventure. There are other women in the morning train with their menkind, husbands and other. Plans are made for luncheon, and they naturally settle upon one of the smart restaurants in order to see who else

is in town that day. Many will be, all in their best, or near best, and all with the same feeling of demure revelry, which transcends any natural fatigue.

Then, again, there is the evening party of the country mouse, when she comes in from her suburban nest, little or big, and dines and goes to the latest play; sometimes spending the night in the town house or flat, sometimes hiding her holiday apparel under out-of-door wraps and flying, like Cinderella from the ball, to catch the twelve o'clock train. The flower-boxes round the roof-garden edge, brilliant against the twilight sky, the sumptuous colors flapping in the awning valance, the gurgle of opulent water in the marble fountain, the voluptuous strains of the orchestra, the rich rattle of knives and forks among high voices—these seem to the truly, or semi, rural as part of a most agreeable and not unexciting pageant.

They contrast it with yesterday's dinner, shared by the elder children and little Miss Griggs, the governess; and with to-morrow's, when they will motor five or ten miles to their good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peascroft on the

hill, for some talk about the county roads and a game of bridge, and they may well look upon this as a festive occasion and be glad they are doing honor to it in their gayest glad rags. In the middle of the winter such a scene would appear to them, perhaps, as it does at present to the town mouse, both noisy and tiresome. Now it is fairy-land.

But of all mice who enjoy the great metropolis in summer, those enjoy it most who come to town from a distance; who take rooms in some vast, cool caravansary, where they are known only by their key numbers, and spare themselves nothing in the way of sightseeing, shopping, dining, theatre-going, and general money-spending.

More power to them! Let no dweller in Gotham think she knows it as they do, sees it as they do, enjoys it as they do. She may love it more, feel more affection for the silhouette of its great buildings at sundown, for the slant of the rain over its roofs, the moon on its church spires, the sound of its street cries. But stand in awe of its grandeur, its extravagance, its fashion, its fiction, its music, its art, its stupendous power,

she never will, because she lives in it and is a part of it. It is just her home-hole to the town mouse, and she never quite loses her haughty sense of possessive ease.

XII

THE MYSTERIOUS WHO FOR WHOM WOMEN DRESS

THE preservation of health, that vital principle of happiness, has had very little to do with the direction of fashion, except as one might count the Spartan method of exposure, which has touched one point after another of stoical female anatomy. Sometimes the throat is completely unprotected and the feet go warm. Sometimes bodies are entirely enwrapped in the skins of wild animals, while nothing but the gossamer web of the spider and a pair of silken sandals clothes the nether limbs, which, in all gradations of bow-legged to knock-kneed indifference, prance blatantly before us. Sometimes furs are discarded in the snow season and sweltered under in summer.

Sometimes backs are bare, and sometimes fronts. Sometimes arms. Sometimes just odd, unexpected bits disclose themselves as a lady moves, and one is checked on the verge of say-

ing: "Madame, your sleeve is ripped to the shoulder! Madame, do you know your gown is unhooked down the middle of your spine?" by the sudden realization that this is intended and admirably adjusted to create the exact shock it did create, and that no matter what she may have suffered at first, the lovely wearer of the spineless frock is inured to any draught in that region—as she has been inured to wearing next to no bodice, as she has been inured to wearing next to no skirt, as she will be inured to wearing next to no anything that fashion decrees. Very certainly, women do not dress to keep warm.

Sport, of course, demanded and got a costuming of its own. But this, while its effect upon all feminine attire has been immense, has not actually forced fashions to remain convenient and sensible, any more than it has influenced inconvenient ones out of existence. It is true that the general utility of some special form of dress has sometimes been advanced as a reason for its continuance in the mode; for its occurrence and recurrence upon the persons of the many and in the pages of the magazines.

The chemise frock, for instance, which is truly

easy wear for the slim, and contrives to hold its own with surprising persistence, might seem to be a case in point. But, as its sleeves and skirt have run up and down what one might musically call the scale several times during its vogue, quite irrespective of the hoots of an excited populace, one cannot regard it as a perfectly satisfactory example. There have been times indeed when its utility as anything but a bathing-dress would have escaped notice. Moreover, looking back upon the utterly idiotic trappings which have clung to favor with equal tenacity, one can hardly build a real argument upon any foundation of convenience.

Then, when one comes to beauty. What is beauty, and where is it? In suppressing the natural lines of the figure, or in exhibiting them? In exploiting some at the expense of others? In being all bust and bustle, or simply backbone? In featuring the stomach or the knees? In having ears and no foreheads, or foreheads and no ears? In being shaped or being shapeless?

Every one of these changes has been, or is, fashionable. Was it for beauty's sake that one wore the long, trailing street skirt, which a

frozen hand held gracefully just above the mud; or the melon sleeve, heavy with buckram, that bulged like a balloon from each shoulder and made the serving of dinner resemble a sudden letting down of edibles from behind high, colored hedges? Were women, particularly the square, portly ones, beautiful objects clad in a succession of fringes which an insufficient string of beads over one shoulder kept in partial place?

Well, we know *what* does not govern women's dress, and may now go on to the question of *who* does not govern it. Men are almost unanimous in assuming that in these matters their likes and dislikes are the chief consideration. Yet the simple-minded male must sometimes have found it difficult to reconcile his own two most frequent statements about women and their apparel. First, that they selected it with the single view of making themselves attractive to him, and second, that, in spite of this laudable intention, almost never have they succeeded in dressing according to his accepted tastes and theories.

In countries less unsophisticated than our own, where habit has given the ruling class

the ability to exist conspicuously without self-consciousness, many men frankly enjoy and admire the eccentricities of costume indulged in by their female folk. This is perhaps particularly true of the Latin countries. In America, if one can believe constantly offered testimony, men are always being outraged by the foolishness of the fashions.

"Why," they inquire, "do girls risk their lives by wearing slippers in the slush? Why do they have their skirts so tight that they can't walk in them? Why will they powder their noses and redden their mouths when we don't like it? Why do they want to startle us straight out of our modest boots?"

It may be that modest boots were never meant for the all-conquering male, and that to attract any attention to-day requires a startle that is a startle! But, be that as it may, in neither sophisticated nor unsophisticated countries, nor, I rather think, in the most barbarous ones left on the globe, do many modes disappear because men condemn them, nor continue because they approve. They should, but, somehow, they don't.

There are women who dress to please themselves; who know enough to suit their types to the fashions and the fashions to their types, or who have enough individuality to be the accepted pioneers in new fancies. They catch and combine ideas; know when to square the tip of a toe that has been too long pointed; see where the shovel hat of a Norman priest will make a piquant motif for the winter covering of some blond head, or a bull-fighter's scarlet cloak throw an effective red reflection on a dark cheek. They are not the copiers, but the copied, and they are never of the kind that exaggerate a fashion or cheapen it by so much as a touch to catch the vulgar eye. But they are few, and even the satisfaction of being of the few and the elect, and of having made of oneself a picture of perfection, would not last, if there were no appreciative eyes to play audience.

No. Most women dress, if not *for*, at least *because* of, other women in their particular circle. They do not put it so to themselves, perhaps. They may intend to dress for men. But, really, the gang spirit guides them. Why else do they insist upon wearing what every woman of their

acquaintance wears, without question of its suitability? If a petal skirt is becoming to Eva, who is tall and thin, Molly, short and fat, is going to have one or know the reason why. And, if one told her the reason, she would have it just the same. The eternal, innocent, unconscious mimicry of the child leads Sadie to break out into white boots this Sunday because Mae had them on last Saturday week, and Miss Ethelinda to hide one eye under her hat brim to-day because Miss Millicent did yesterday. For their own set, they dress, and for certain attributes in men which most men do not possess. And, while they are at it, may their shadows grow more co-ordinated, though never less.

XIII

LIES AND THE TRUTH

IT was Byron's happy thought to describe a falsehood as, "The Truth in Masquerade"; and, indeed, there are few of us who care to stand face to face with her otherwise. Of course, many truths are beautiful, if a trifle awe-inspiring, but many more are exceedingly plain —disconcertingly so, one might say—and look much pleasanter to us with their *loups* on or at least with their countenances slightly veiled.

"Very discreet and proper," we say approvingly. "There's something so coarse about bare-faced society. Let us, no matter how we think, feel, and behave, adopt the fine visage-covering demanded by convention and mingle unblushingly with our fellows."

Well, this is a point of view not to be repudiated. There are many uncompromising features hidden by polite usage, and from the most admirable motives, too. We are all agreed, for instance, that the mask, "Miss Littlejohn is not at home, Madame," may hide, simply and agree-

ably, the truth that Miss Littlejohn doesn't want elderly cousins spoiling a tête-à-tête tea-party; and the mask, "Good night, Mrs. Manfred, we have had such a charming time," the truth that never in all our lives have we been so colossally bored.

Thank Heaven for such kindly lies! What ever would be the use of informing Mrs. Manfred, who either doesn't know her party is dull or does know it and is feeling it acutely, that we have seldom enjoyed anything less; or having that minx, Augusta Littlejohn, tell us to our very faces that we are not welcome at the five o'clock tea-table? Being frank and open about such matters is just being unnecessarily rude. White lies must be accepted and maintained as part of the business of being social, or sociability would soon perish from the earth. Besides, a lie that does not deceive anybody more than they have agreed to be deceived, is hardly a lie at all. While to insist upon presenting truth at all times in our language and demeanor would be about as shameless as to appear in the streets in her traditional garb. She is much too precious for exploitation.

"Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay," say the Scriptures, and yet no people were more really politic, when they felt policy necessary, than the holy prophets. They struck shrewd blows for their faith when the occasion was ripe, but they did not waste their effects by useless flouting of potential egos. There was a time for speech with them and a time for refraining from speech, or at least from inexpedient speech, and, "Prophesy unto us smooth things," is a cry they have often had to answer.

Not two people in a hundred can tell the true truth. That is, the truth uncolored by their often quite innocent, but prejudiced, interpretation, and not one in a hundred really wants to know it. We do not want to hear it with our ears, nor see it with our eyes, and nine times out of ten we couldn't bear to live with ourselves, or others, if we believed it. Do we want to be told that our Philander is the vainest of coxcombs and a perfect Lovelace with the ladies, when we like to look upon him as a pillar of the church and Joseph-like in disposition? Of course we don't!

If we weren't fools of the first water we'd have discovered his proclivities long ago; but, being

fools, we have lived along with him very happily, and to have our eyes opened to his goings-on is exceedingly painful. Ought the operation to be performed whether we are willing or not? It would seem as if the amount of good resulting therefrom should be very carefully balanced, to say the least. If no one is being bamboozled but ourselves, and we enjoy it, why not let us? Philander, in his soberer old age, may be all the more likely to settle down with a Joan who never could be persuaded to see through him.

Very few mortals want to be clear-eyed or clear-minded when the effect is hurtful or even disagreeable, and the few who are willing sometimes find it difficult to draw forth the straight answer to the straight question. Most people find it nearly as impossible to give pain as to bear pain. But here, at last, we know where we stand. Sincerity is due to the elect who seek it, and a falsehood may be defined as: any deception, by word or silence, by look or action, practised upon those to whom we owe the truth. We owe it to any one who really desires it, whether we love and respect that person or whether we do not. And we owe it to the people we both love

and respect, for, whether they desire it or not, we pay them the compliment of considering them high enough to be told it and brave enough to bear it. This, indeed, is the highest compliment we can pay them; and not every day, by any means, do we find ourselves wasting a syllable of the priceless commodity on the world.

Still, while we uphold a graceful trifling with strictly formal, and even some informal, phases of veracity, we carry no brief for any sort of clumsy, mean, or selfish falsehood; the kind that is told in stupid or cowardly self-protection, to let ourselves out of a hole or, even worse, to let some one else in. The right of privacy, threatened by impertinent questioning, may be defended by a straight look-between-the-eyes fib. The safety of another person may sometimes hang upon one's ability to lie well and calmly.

Nothing can be more contemptible than futile falseness of any kind, and to tell vain and ineffective untruths is almost as bad as to tell criminal ones; which, by the way, is the dictionary definition of the lie, "a criminal falsehood." Yet some quite glorious lies have been told, which make the epicure's mouth water to

think of. However, it is perhaps better to restrain oneself even from thoughts of those until one's own time comes. And during the hot weather, when any emotion sends up the temperature, lying, either effective or ineffective, but, particularly, ineffective, is not to be recommended. A middle course during the dog-days is safest, all things considered.

One of the most beautiful dissertations on the subject of veracity is to be found in the Book of Esdras. It is there written how, while Darius, the truth-loving, sought his repose after a splendid feast given to the Medes and Persians, three young captains of his guard decided to enliven their watch by writing compositions whose rival merits should be judged in solemn conclave the next morning. The subject—"What Is the Strongest Thing in the World?"—did not daunt them. Indeed, they chose it themselves.

"The King is Strongest," wrote the first; and indited a very handsome treatise about war being made for him, and peace, and building, and destroying. Also he touched upon tributes, and bowings and scrapings, and general power and glory. "Wine is the Strongest," wrote the

second, and told of the effect it produced upon the sons of men, not excepting His Majesty's self. "Women are the Strongest," wrote the third, "for they bore those who planted vineyards from which cometh wine, also the king and they who bow before him." Likewise, said this one, they caused a great deal of commotion in manly breasts, even that of Darius. But, he ended on a high note, Truth was really stronger than anything else. And the panegyric he addressed to her caused plaudits to ring through the council-hall. "Great is the Truth," shouted the listeners, "and mighty in our eyes!" And the king, who came from the fine race that taught its boys to shoot straight and speak no lies, turned to the young man, saying: "Ask what thou wilt for thou hast won the prize."

XIV

THE PASSING OF THE SUNDAY BEST

SOMEWHERE in the gray dimness of yesterday, along with the antimacassars, bombazines, and flannel petticoats of our great and little grandmothers, have passed away those garments known as our "Sunday best." The era when we carefully conserved certain clothes for certain occasions is gone, and the wearers of the clothes are gone, and a great many of the occasions are gone with them. No longer does any one tremble at the thought of a drop of rain on the "best" hat, or speak in awed tones of the "best" dress. No longer is the advent of new attire, even among the most prudent of New England households, treated as it was in the days when George Eliot wrote the "Mill on the Floss" and showed us the reverence with which such an event was considered by the Mrs. Pullets and Mrs. Tullivers of the Old England middle class. To them the occasion was solemn.

"'Mrs. Gray has sent home my new bonnet,

Bessy,' said Mrs. Pullet in a pathetic tone, as Mrs. Tulliver adjusted her cap. 'It's apt to make a mess with clothes, taking 'em out and putting 'em in again.' (Here she drew a bunch of keys from her pocket and looked at them earnestly). 'But it would be a pity for you to go away without seeing it. There's no knowing what may happen.' And, as Mrs. Tulliver admitted that if not too troublesome she would like to see what sort of a crown the bonnet carried, Mrs. Pullet rose with a melancholy air and unlocked one wing of a very bright wardrobe, where one might hastily have supposed she would find the new headgear. Not at all. Such a supposition could only have arisen from a too superficial acquaintance with the habits of the family. In this wardrobe Mrs. Pullet was seeking something small enough to be hidden among layers of linen—it was a door-key. 'You must come with me in the best room,' said Mrs. Pullet. So they went along the bright and slippery corridor dimly lighted by the semilunar top of the window which rose above the closed shutter; it was really quite solemn. Mrs. Pullet paused and unlocked a door which opened on

something still more solemn than the passage—a darkened room, in which the outer light, entering feebly, showed what looked like the corpses of furniture in white shrouds. Everything which was not shrouded stood with its legs upward."

Before continuing to quote from the book, one cannot help pausing to call back memories of other rooms, something like this, in the elderly houses one knew as a child, and to feel with the little girl of the story, Maggie Tulliver, the mystery and the old, quick heart-beat.

"Mrs. Pullet half opened the shutter and then unlocked the wardrobe with a melancholy deliberateness which was quite in keeping with the funeral solemnity of the scene. The delicious scent of rose-leaves that issued from the wardrobe made the process of taking out sheet after sheet of silver paper quite pleasant to assist at, though the sight of the bonnet at last was an anticlimax to Maggie, who would have preferred something more preternatural. But few things could have been more impressive to Mrs. Tulliver. She looked all round it in silence for some moments and then said emphatically: 'Well, sister, I'll never speak against full crowns

again.' It was a great concession, and Mrs. Pullet felt it; she felt something was due to it. 'You'd like to see it on, sister?' she said sadly. 'I'll open the shutter a bit further.'"

This she accordingly did, and the inimitable scene continued through awestruck discussions of the bonnet and its price until, after its return to its silver-paper wrappings and the wardrobe, Mrs. Pullet, lugubriously prophetic, declared, "Sister, if you should never see that bonnet again till I'm dead and gone, you'll remember I showed it to you this day," and subsided into tears.

Did ever the arrival of a van load of milliner's boxes make equal stir in a modern household? We trow (whatever trow means) not. No circle of admiring saucer eyes fixed upon the happiest display of a perfect trousseau could beam with such a tribute of convinced commendation as those of Mrs. Tulliver must have done when she surveyed her sister's latest purchase.

The present trend of clothes sends one, extravagantly—or so it would seem to an ancestor—to buy, not a best dress to be hung away in a protecting closet, but the best sort of dresses to

meet the needs of every day. We like to look as nearly our best as we can at all times, knowing the value of vanities that do not seem like vanities, as well as vanities that do. A pleasing appearance—how far it goes! So we find apparel simple in line and as superior as we can afford in texture, at a price once undreamed of, which may be worn at almost any period of any day; and other apparel, not so very different, at the moment, in general line or even in color, which will serve for any entertainment from an afternoon dance to a restaurant dinner and an evening at the theatre.

We no longer name all our frocks for the various entertainments to which we take them. A so-called ball dress is not what it was, a thing of tarlatan or tulle as perishable as snow in a hot room. It is made of softly falling or widely spreading, not-too-easily-crushed fabrics, and its lovely colors do not, of necessity, soil easily. If it has trains, or trails, or tails, they can easily be caught up out of the way for dancing. We do not now dine and go to the opera in one sort of gown and dash home to change before a ball, any more than we hastily send for the hair-

dresser to build erections upon our heads for grand occasions. If there are any grand occasions, nowadays, we take them quite as a matter of course and seldom spur ourselves to extra effort. We just try to be always well dressed.

Our Puritan foremothers heard the call of home and from the worthiest of fine, stern motives suppressed week-day adornment. Many of their descendants hear the call of the city and its marts and, from motives no less understandable, put on their enticing one-piece dresses, gird up their waists with jetted, beaded, or suède girdles, and go forth to battle secure in the thought that, no matter what the exigencies of the day, they can not come apart anywhere. These are the dresses that above all others must be smart; the backbone dresses that must take the hardest wear; that need to be "best" because they are always, instead of almost never, in use. Shabbiness creeps upon them quickly, and when they are discarded, their owners have the virtuous feeling, not that they have saved, but that they have worn them to the full.

A new dress may take the place of the old every season, and the seasons are short and

many. We are just as well dressed on our way to church as we are en route for the dentist or the decorating shop, but no better. And in spite of the individual who said that a woman was either happily married or an interior decorator, we defy any one to declare from the outward showing whether we are both or either. The distressed gentlewoman of the day before yesterday, with her best hats and Sunday frocks, always harassed by moths, ever evading spots, has vanished. No more does she horde in attics and muffle with cheese-cloth clothes which she must save because they were so "best" that they would not wear out. No more are trunks filled with tarnished trimmings and old feathers, with stiff and musty silks that could stand alone. They may stand alone forever for all the youth of to-day cares. Romance and sentiment may mingle with the camphor and may be lost when the old trunks are emptied, but the more past the "best dress" is, the freer is the modern spirit.

XV

THE SIMPLE MYSTERIES OF STYLE

STYLE—as the word relates to fashion—appears to be one of those attributes which everybody recognizes and nobody finds it easy to describe. We might say that it is the quality which enables one to wear one's clothes with elegance. And that would be exactly so. But we cannot dismiss it with this truth alone. There is more to say; for in style, besides the ability to adjust attire smartly and gracefully, there is also a personal presentation or touch; something individual imposed upon the latest mode. Indeed, something individual imposed upon any mode, since people of distinction and character may so carry themselves that whatever garment they put upon them will partake of that character and distinction.

I have known a man who chose to wear a neckcloth resembling an old-fashioned stock, and another who always affected turned-down collars, a floating tie, a soft hat (a little on one

side), and a cloak instead of a coat. Both men were good-looking. Both appeared utterly unconscious of their clothes and absolutely comfortable in them. Both had style. Not the perfectly conforming style of the tailor-made man, of course, nor the challenging style of the would-be eccentric, but the slightly distinctive air of those who are not afraid to wear with dignity whatever small deviation from the accepted formula they find convenient.

I have known a woman who chose to be bustleless in an age of bustles and, having once adopted a beautiful period costume, was quite content to have her frocks made after the same model for years. It was a good model, dignified, and lending itself to great richness of detail in material, lace, and trimming, and she went to one of the best dressmakers on this earth to have it made. She was never in the fashion, but never out of it. She had the long, slim figure and upright carriage which give anything worn with authority an air of style, so she always commanded interested attention.

Fashion, however, being the conceded outcome of a more general smart selection, is easier

to follow, and, despite public opinion, does not always require a heavy purse to dip in. A woman may be poor, but yet have very good taste. She will instinctively choose what is most suitable in color and design, and will, therefore, appear to be always well dressed. While another may be rich enough to go to the best shops in the world and yet have such bad taste that her fine clothes are the envy of no one; which is fatal as a condition of fine clothes.

The woman who has genuine style must have a keen sense of proportion, a real feeling for line, color, and composition, and a thorough knowledge of what is appropriate in costume. The knowledge may be either inborn or acquired. It may be something which naturally expresses itself in this manner, or something which she may have studied to attain. But she must have, at least, a natural love for clothes and understanding of the human figure, or she will study to little advantage. She must take an interest in accessories. Besides the dress which is proper (in the sense of being well adapted) and becoming, she must choose the shoe that fits the occasion as nicely as it does the foot, the stocking

that fits the shoe, the glove that is neither too light nor too dark, the hat whose shape is in right relation to the lines and character of both the costume and its wearer. Perhaps there will be an opportunity for that spot of perfect color —either in accord or contrast—which a single flower can give. Then, having collected the material for apparel, she must know how to put it on and wear it; which brings us back to our first definition, that style is the quality which enables one to wear one's clothes with elegance.

Some ugly women have style. Some pretty ones are entirely without it. One may carry things with a dash, a kind of picturesque swagger, as the Cavaliers carried their fineries into battle, affecting to despise them. Another may adopt a demure perfection of detail, quite as good in its way. But habit must long ago have accustomed the well-dressed to being well dressed. They will show no consciousness of their attire, however much they are aware of the attractions of their persons. They will not overdress; and no matter how much they love brilliant hues and tints, they will not be seduced into wearing them on unbefitting occasions.

For example, out of a luncheon party of four or five women, there may be one who buys good clothes at the best places and wears them easily, but with no spirit. One who buys them at moderately good places, but has an eye for color, rather than form, and exaggerates her own type. One who can copy or have copied the latest models, and would be well dressed if she could always afford to throw away her mistakes. One who is neatness personified, and has good, but slightly old-maidish taste. And one who knows where to go, what to get, and how to put it on with the dashing touch.

She will care for every detail as much as she cares for the general effect, and, yet, she will appear to have arrived at it almost carelessly. She, of them all, will have style. She will wear the hat that depends for smartness upon its outline. The well-cut tailor-made coat and skirt, not too new, of some mixed grayish material. The gray blouse of exactly the right lighter shade, which carries some elaborate bit of cunning embroidery, hardly to be noticed till one has noticed it and then not to be forgotten.

She will have the gray stockings exactly

matching the blouse. The flattish-heeled, beautifully arched, low shoes, made partly of suède that carries down the color of the stockings, and partly of black patent leather. She will have the delicately scented gardenia or camellia, the perfection of art, pinned in her fur, or at her waist, or in her buttonhole. Her gloves will be of cream or gray doeskin, washed perhaps a dozen times, yet still fitting admirably. Not tightly, of course, which is an abomination in a glove, but easily. Her sun umbrella will be of dark or lightish gray, or, perhaps, of camellia shade, and have something characteristic of her on the handle; cipher or initials transferred to a succession of parasols or umbrellas, as the device on her purse or card-case may also be. A glimpse of her petticoat (since to petticoats we are returning) might show camellia color also. The other women may each have more beautiful garments, taken singly, but not the same skill in combining them for effect, not the same taste for appropriateness, nor the same interest in themselves as fashion-sketches: never dull fashion-plates, but suggestions of character in the mode.

To have style, then, one must do more than buy fashionable clothes at fashionable places. One must select them with common sense and a certain daring; wear them appropriately with elegance and an air of authority; know the meaning of line; and add the personal touch which makes them individual with one's own particular individuality. And one must do this with the ease of habit and yet a pleasure that is always new.

XVI

CHINS AND NOSES

WISEACRES have said that we make our own mouths—which is certainly small credit to some of us. But it really would have been much better for the human race if it could have made its own noses. These outstanding lineaments give a great deal of trouble, and assuredly if we had the power, we would, like Omar's "Thou and I," remould them, with the rest of this sorry scheme, nearer to the heart's desire. Perfect ones are few and far between, and we could not hope to render them common by setting them in every human countenance.

A pure Egyptian, Roman, or even Greek nose might be hard to reconcile with the headgear of the present day. But of the inferior kind dealt out to us, we might at least be granted ability to change the more unsuitable models. Why should they insist upon turning down when we want

them to turn up, or up when we want them to turn down? However, they do, worse luck, and we have to make the best we can of it.

What is the best to be made of this feature, if it is rather flat and long, for instance? Or rather pudgy and buttony? Or rather bony and eagle-ish? Or rather flexible and turned in at the end, like that of the tapir, whose proboscis has many human copies? Since man cannot suit his particular facial prominence to his character, it is well that he can adapt his character to it. And his conduct, if he pleases, and his clothes—more or less—if he can so afford.

One can imagine Mark Tapley's whole disposition, appearance, and position set to the key of his incorrigibly cheerful, broad, short, sturdy nose. He may not have wished or intended to be the sort of man he was at all; but he grew up, he saw what his nose clearly indicated, and he followed it. The same might be said of Queen Elizabeth. Would she ever have been the downright, dominating, determined female she was if she had not had that cruel little hump where we observe it in her portraits? As it developed, so did she, from a great,

romping, headstrong hoyden to a ruthless reigning monarch, and thinking of what her profile predestined her to may very easily have affected her outlook on life. Be that as it may, whoever selected her hats for her must have had a perilous time of it.

Fancy the terror of any timid milliner at a period when not to please royalty might mean considerably more than the mere loss of prestige. How a gentle outline must have been acclaimed! Mary Stuart, we know, sometimes wore a Highland bonnet, but whether it became her nose, which, according to her pictures was a longish one, is doubtful. She had only herself to blame, however, if it did not, for she certainly had had her choice of French headgear before coming to Scotland. Mr. Pepys, in his diary, speaks of the liberties taken by other professional beauties (if we may use those words to describe any lovely woman who antedates Mrs. Langtry, with whom the term appears to have originated) and speaks of his admired Lady Castlemaine in the following handsome terms:

"Anon there came one booted and spurred that she talked long with, and by and by, she

being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off, but it became her mightily, as everything else do. I went away not weary with looking at her."

Ah, what a nose my Lady Castlemaine must have had!

Among men, fortunately, the matter is of less moment. Oliver Cromwell possessed a fine bulbous appendage. The Duke of Wellington supported a noble protuberance. Cromwell was probably forced into a self-righteous, fiery, irritability by his, which looks as if food and drink disagreed with it quite as much as the misconduct of Charles I's Court; while the Iron Duke carried his own invincible Rock of Gibraltar with him, and no doubt had, from a child, been unable to withstand its tyranny. But with one, a helmet, and with the other, the highest kind of a high hat, balanced these traits. To picture Cromwell in a golfing cap and the Duke in a low-crowned straw, is to shrink shuddering from the images so called up. Yet, had they lived to-day, they would have, being men, probably ended by wearing whatever the majority of other men wore, instead of insisting

upon an adaptation of some shape suitable to their individual looks.

Chins, also, have their weight, or lack of it, in determining the kind of hat we should select. A foolish female runaway chin may be charmingly tucked away behind a bow. Long chins, on the contrary, should never be confined or defined by bands, but allowed to disappear as much as possible in a line with their own necks.

The Hapsburg chin, fine, obstinate, whapper-jaw that it was and is, has the merit of long traditional inheritance, and any one of the distinguished race would be proud to bear it. One of its present owners, that gallant gentleman and sportsman, the King of Spain, has as dignified and spirited a countenance as any man could wish, merry and sombre, brave and whimsical, yet one imagines that he finds it no easy matter to fit himself adequately with hats. One thinks of him in armored head-pieces or military caps, or in the white pith sun-helmet of the polo field, or perhaps in the Homburg hat which this country calls—goodness knows why—a Fedora; but there are many kinds one could not imagine him in, and the notion of the Hapsburg chin,

feminine, tying itself into a bonnet would amuse one more than one would dare to be amused under a flashing Hapsburg eye.

We have, many of us, something to strive for or against in the way of features, and should study them carefully. Englishwomen have rather a predilection for large, floppy picture hats, and girls with June rose faces and straying curl-tendrils look delightfully romantic in them; not smart, but extremely winning. Frenchwomen, who do go in for smartness, know the exact type of face which would show to advantage under these careless curves, and only the few who had such faces would dare to wear such curves.

We Americans, having all nationalities mixed with us now, find it difficult to say what sort of countenance can be described as typical of our country. According to advertisement beauty, which is no bad criterion of a nation's taste in charm, we seem to like a rather handkerchief-box style of delicate-featured devastator with a pleasant dental smile and no attribute of character but sweetness, of the kind apt to sour during life's thunderstorms. An easy sort of face to

look at under any hat, particularly the most expensive; which it usually chooses. Rather Queen Elizabeth's nose, say we! Outstanding features may be difficult to suit, but there is at least something dashing about them when once suited.

XVII

BRIDEGROOMS, HUSBANDS, AND FATHERS

ALTHOUGH the time of lovers is brief, according to Swinburne and many other writers, marriages occur and reoccur with praiseworthy persistence. The spring season is supposed to be the season of brides; their trousseaux, their wedding presents, their attendants at the ceremony, their receptions after the ceremony, take up the attention of a vast number of people, either actually or in the pages of every sort of paper and periodical. A bride, whether like a carved ivory statue, or a moving fountain of silvery lace and spraying tulle, or merely as the latest costume-effort of fashion, holds the centre of the stage. Not for years and years has it been necessary to think much of the groom. He has to be there (and it is generally necessary to appoint some one to see to this) but when once he is there, and standing where he

ought to be, ready to advance at the proper moment, the world is satisfied and forgets him.

Perhaps the world, made up though it is of many mediocre intelligences, is right in this concentrated oblivion. We often forget unostentatious things standing where they belong. But let that almost unnoticed man fail to appear or, having appeared, presume to depart, and the result would be little short of chaos. No, he must be in his place; a peg upon which to hang the gorgeous picture. It all falls to the ground without him, but only in exceptional cases does one notice him much. All eyes are turned upon the way the bride will come; all eyes are fixed upon her, and her bridesmaids, as they tread in it. Is she pale? Is she rosy? Is she frightened? Is she bold? And, above all, what is she wearing? Family lace; but whose? Do we care about the way her veil is put on? Are her pearls those her Aunt Lucinda left her or what the newspapers will describe as "the gift of the groom"? In theatrical parlance, the bride is the whole show, and can hardly fail to know it.

When did this become so, and why, I wonder. It was not ever thus. Perhaps bridegrooms

ceased taking the stage at their own weddings from the time they ceased to carry off their brides and began to barter for them. Or perhaps it is just the effect of modern man's poor place in pageantry—in other words, of his lack of picturesqueness. If he can no longer swoop across the scene on horseback with an armful of alarmed but interested femininity before him on the saddle, why can he not at least appear with a velvet doublet, silken hose, richly drooping ruffles, and a jewelled pendant in one ear, his fine curls faintly scented and his long eyes scornful of the very proceeding which his presence so graces? His bride, timid as a wren, might be led out of the vestry to meet him advancing with his rattling, ruffling, raffish retinue, observed of all observers, up the aisle of the church. This would be turning the tables with a vengeance, and might contribute not a little to a peaceful beginning of domestic life. A woman might be content for a long time to look up to so superfine a masculine creature.

Bridegrooms should assert themselves in some way. This much is clear. Costume will do a great deal. In the time of Beau Brummel, for instance

(if that consummate dandy and saucebox had married), one can imagine every other dandy in England hastening to learn, mark, and inwardly digest whatever delicate last touches had been added to the delicate former touches of that master of modes to do honor to this occasion. Lord Byron declared him to be no fop, but a man of an exquisite sense of propriety in dress. What wonder, then, if all eyes, in such a wedding, had been fastened upon the groom, and the bride had played the secondary part? Elegance of masculine apparel should never excite a sneer. Does not nature herself set the example and prank out her male birds and beasts in gorgeous array? While the females, demurely furred or feathered, regard them with awestruck admiration. Let men meditate over this more than they do and take a proper pride in being "bucks," "blades," "dandies," or whatever is to-day the equivalent of the smart swaggerer.

Pride of person pays. And why should women be encouraged to monopolize it? After the bridegroom has succeeded in making himself of some account, let the husband's figure step jauntily

into the foreground of household life. He has every right to be particular about his hats and boots, his shirts and ties, his socks and handkerchiefs, the cut of his coats and the set of his trousers, the smooth fit of his underclothes, the becoming colors of his pajamas. He must always appear rather disdainful of perfection while being perfect, but any slackness on the part of those who have his wardrobe in charge should be strictly dealt with. Any one who has been in the Army knows the attention accorded the smart officer, and the smart husband should expect no less. An asset in business, a stimulant to self-respect, and a constant challenge to feminine supremacy—such is the well-dressing of the well-dressed man.

I have thrown out these suggestions to bridegrooms and husbands, but I do more when it comes to fathers. Any father is solemnly warned. No matter what the provocation, he must not slump. The children's knees may come through their little trousers before his become baggy, and the seams burst in their little coats before his become shiny. Their shaggy curls may rise through the torn crowns of their little hats,

but his should still be cocked at an agreeable angle. Much better it is for the young respectfully to admire their male parent as a handsome old cock than, sprucely attired themselves, to sniff at his patient, patchy self-effacement. Fathers have entirely lost the grand, violent, explosive tempers of former generations, but if they hold their heads high, their fine shoulders (in the most expensive coats) straight, and their slim waists well buttoned into the latest thing in waistcoats, they may still create an effect in the home circle and preserve the warm regard of their wives and children.

XVIII

HOW SHALL A MAN HIS TRUE LOVE KNOW?

WHEN the simply shaped garments known to their describers as chemise frocks, sheath gowns, or slip-on dresses came and rested upon the shoulders of lovely ladies (the only spot fashionable for female clothes to rest), they came prepared, apparently, to make a long stay. Sometimes they scalloped themselves at the hem, sometimes they pleated their skirts, sometimes they hung a swinging panel to one or both sides, sometimes they let long sash ends droop below their edges, but essentially they represented the same sort of attire to the eyes of the initiated. Women knew this. Men, naturally, never gave it a thought. If Araminta walked in demure gray one afternoon, and in gay burnt orange the next, her adorers noticed the variety of colors, not the similarity of form. As far as any male vision could reach, Araminta, in brownish

orange or in dove-ish gray, was readily distinguished from Arabella in pale fawn or deep periwinkle blue.

This, of course, was a great help if, for any reason, the confusing of Araminta with Arabella —even at a distance—were likely to be followed by any disagreeable consequences. Let the two exquisite creatures be dressed in costumes of approximately the same design, if they listed, as long as the hues of each were individual and becoming. Their hats, too, might be shaped more or less alike, yet while one young lady crowned herself in sober black and the other in flaming scarlet, there was little chance for mistake. In a word, their resemblances were concealed by their differences, and those differences were marked enough to give confidence to the observer, who, whispering to himself, "Great is Allah, who gives me the opportunity of walking with my beloved this day," hastened to overtake whichever hat he saw ahead of him.

But anon came rumors within rumors from Paris stating that the latest fashion of fashion was for every woman in every way to be exactly like every other woman; to have every silhouette

as uniform as diversity of height and width permitted; to wear, said the oracle, *the* hat, *the* dress, *the* wrap of the moment, in order to be as smart as real smartness required. Of head-coverings, furs, cloaks or coats, costumes or frocks, stockings, shoes, and slippers, the same model, so it appeared, must be chosen by all. Even the kind of hatpin, clasp, buckle or button, earring or necklace, must be as infinitely duplicated as official insignia. The number of gowns selected from the same model might not be limited; as many as the pocket could afford a woman might have, and, within narrow bounds, preference might be shown in certain series of colors, but the general effect of one elegant figure must be as like as two peas to the general effect of the next, and the next, elegant figures.

Now consider the positively terrible results of this course, supposing it to be wide-spread! Who's who, when everybody is endeavoring to be the twin of everybody else, is going to be exceedingly difficult to determine, and a slight fog, or the arrival of twilight, might well make it all but impossible. A gentleman with the

liveliest reasons for believing his presence agreeable to the Duchesse de Chose might pursue her for half a mile or more and find himself abreast of the Marquise de Chiffon, who had always been his enemy. Both are tall, modishly attenuated, rapid walkers, both are letting their hair turn gray (the latest touch), both wear the spring model of Monsieur Paradis, the spring hat creation of Madame Ange, the spring shoe shape of Diables Frères, the spring fur piece of the Sœurs Séraphine; they carry the short umbrella decreed by the Maison Noah; they have both chosen the shade of green conceded to be the perfect spring shade, in fabric conceded to be the perfect fabric, manufactured by the firm of Nebuchadnezzar, Père and Fils, and admired by people of taste.

Not only are the outlines of the ladies identical, but the details of their toilettes are almost so, and, as the unfortunate hero of this supposititious incident reaches the side of his imagined inamorata, he may be cheered by the sight of earrings he thinks familiar just before he is chilled by the stare of eyes that dare him to be anything but distant. Hastily he shoots past. And

if this could happen in Paris, a city where the masculine mind is trained in knowledge and appreciation of female apparel, what would happen in New York when Araminta and Arabella were clad exactly the one as the other, and multiplied by dozens, young and old? One sees endless mistakes, apologies, and complications. "Madame, pray forgive me; I thought you were my mother, who is also dressed in mouse-tail color and wears a bell-shaped bonnet and a straight cloak." "Sir, I was eighteen on my last birthday, and I shall summon the police!"

Really, the possibilities of error are endless. And while it would seem likely that any endeavor on the part of women to standardize their wardrobes—no matter how expensively—and uniform themselves, at all hours of the day, might find a certain degree of favor in the eyes of the opposite sex (so standardized in their own attire), such is by no means the case. The foolishness of female garments is often railed at by men; but question the more sophisticated among them, and they will confess that they rather like this foolishness; that there is distinct charm in the picture of wistful, hooped beauty help-

less before the too narrow turnstile and the too high fence; that, in fact, the more silken, sentimental, and sweetly characteristic are the surroundings of each member of the, as one still says, softer sex, the easier it is for the sterner to distinguish such by its regard.

XIX

SHEPHERDING THE SHEEP

ONE read with amazement in a New York newspaper not long ago that, by general determination of the shoe craft, vermilion and emerald sandals for women were to be recalled in favor of leaf-brown footwear. Now, with due respect to men who devote their time and attention to shoeing the light-footed, how on earth do they know what color is going to commend itself to either the classes or the masses when winter comes? They may reply that their guess is as good as another's and better than some; and so, perhaps, it is; but only perhaps.

The beginnings of fashions are sometimes to be foreseen by those with prophets' eyes, but which modes will flood the streets, besides flooding the markets, very few tongues can tell. Egyptian kings (who might reasonably have supposed their remains safe in the sealed tomb) may be looking down with slant-eyed disgust,

from wherever they are, at myriads of figures tricked out in travesties of their ancient habiliments; dressmaking sages know that the immense vogue of these has been merely a matter of chance, happy or otherwise, according to fancy.

So it is with every fashion. Many are called into being by the busy brains of the experts, but only certain ones are chosen; first, by the few who have taste and imagination, and then, by the multitude who follow. When the multitude follow fast, the fashion dies quickly; when they are slow to adopt it, the fashion may linger long or may take an airy flight to the unknown and return. It is nearly always, however, dependent upon the whim of the modish buyer and not that of the modish seller.

There are exceptions, of course; yet very few houses of any repute could, figuratively speaking, lay their hands on their hearts and declare they had forced any fashion into the favor of a reluctant clientele. They can create, invent, and combine, according to their best knowledge and ability, spread out their wares as temptingly as possible, and, if they are good judges of the times and human nature, they attract the cus-

tomers they hope to attract, and, after them, many more; but let them be rigid for sense when the taste-tide turns to foolishness or set for folly when it backwashes to sense, and watch their white bones bleach upon the byways.

Why, therefore, do the innocent purveyors of footwear think they can move the minds of their female public for them, in advance, toward any known shape or color? One ventures to affirm that some shop masters, at least, were more than astonished to see how women absorbed the late red and green output till pavements fairly twinkled with it and its gay reflections, and the least appropriate costume was considered none at all without this flashing finish. Here was a mode that fairly got away from its originators and romped into a terrible popularity upon feet of every description. No wonder shoemen are declaring for leaf-brown; and here's hoping they may get it—though the simple fact of their preparing for it gives no reason to think that fortune will crown their efforts with success. Shepherd as they please, if the first sheep does not jump, the herd will not, and, when the herd has jumped, its tenders

will have to please the first sheep all over again. The leaders of herds are very wayward. They seem to be pleased and displeased in as short a time as it takes the mob to follow them.

An amusing gamble, though, this of pleasing the modish with modes. Study, forethought, patience, perseverance, philosophy, are all required. Some fashions one would think almost bound to take the fancy are ignored; others, apparently least to be admired, are embraced. Wiseacres tremble beneath the weight of oracular decisions. The catching up of little hints, the watching of small tendencies toward this or that idiosyncrasy of taste, the noting of historical events and national enthusiasms, these give clues to the wily, if they know how far to follow them.

The Paris staging of plays often inclines the eyes of an impressionable audience toward particular periods. The great costume balls of the great world revive sympathy with romantic epochs or make familiar some gorgeousness of foreign apparel. Then clever artists slip into the fashion a demure Puritan apron and fichu, or the swashbuckling feather and gauntlets of

the Cavalier, or they make a pleasant point of Second Empire flounces, or of Chinese jackets. But—and this is always to be remarked—they do not arbitrarily start from the unknown. They guide themselves by something slight, but suggestive, in the trend of current happenings.

Should any or all their ventures succeed—if a social light of either world adopts them and others admire and imitate—then, accessories increase and multiply: pokish bonnets and buckled shoes join the prim Puritan apron; a gallant's muffling cloak adds itself to the Cavalier feather; head-dressings are made to "go with" Second Empire flounces; a Chinese influence is felt in the hats which surmount the Chinese coats; and mandarin necklaces depend from slender throats. A fashion has established itself, has popularized itself, and will extinguish itself in the course of time.

Now, will a new one superimpose something upon the old or will it take a diametrically opposite course? The great garment artist, Monsieur Peter, thinks one way; his great rival, Monsieur Paul, thinks another; their great competitor, Madame Suzanne, takes a different line

entirely. All show their models. The buyers flock. Fashion magazines, those airplanes of the mode to-day, hover over the multicolored spectacle, registering, reporting, scattering the news and sometimes, we modestly imagine, getting a better point of view of salient facts than can be obtained from the immediate ground, where not only is the eye distracted by a thousand details but the ear is perplexed by a thousand voices crying their wares.

Only from a calm height can even the most acute onlooker see much of the game, but, according to his acuteness, he judges and, while presenting his map of the whole fair, marks the spots which his experience has taught him indicate important features. "This outline," says he, "very observable from above, suggests to our mind the hooded nun; therefore, beads may be worn round the waist, and shoes may be dark. Watch developments." Not didactic, one notices; simply putting the case before those whom it concerns. They, all agog for his next signal, are prepared to sit back and wait a little, while watching the shop-windows for neutral-colored clothes and white brow-bands. "But

stay," comes the next notice, "the North Pole note seems pretty strong, and Eskimo one-piece overalls may be very smart." Well, there it is; a choice, not a ruling. And the wise sheep makes a late choice.

XX

THE SEVENTH VEIL

IN a world all changing fashion and furbelows, it is amazing to feel how little human nature varies. The human figure alters a bit to accommodate itself to the prevailing mode. But our souls remain very much the same. We are no more vain than our grandmothers, really, and our brothers' friends admire us no less than their brothers' friends did them. And though a certain awe-inspiring old lady once rebuked a girl who had innocently spoken of a hat as being unbecoming to her profile, with the dignified rejoinder, "My dear, until long after I married Mr. J., I was unaware that I *had* a profile," we cannot help feeling that it was no lack of having a good conceit of herself which dictated the reply, but because she was fully conscious that the power of her fine, dominating full face had subjugated Mr. J. quite irrespective of the side elevation, which, therefore, she had never called into play.

Each generation, as it comes to the front, shows a tendency to drop the forms and ceremonies of the last more than the last approves. Perhaps one may say, even, that in the bubbling up to the top—the social top—of a younger set that is unfortunately without tradition, the forms and ceremonies have been too much abandoned. But our hearts are where they always were. We play the oldest game on earth just as happily as ever it was played. The light that lies in woman's eyes has not dimmed. The ears hidden by smooth loopoons of brilliantined hair, or coiled shells of braids, or bunches of curls, hear quite as quickly what is whispered into them.

Intercourse between the young may be less trammelled, but whether boys and girls flirt like gods and goddesses, pursuing and pursued in the leafy seclusion of moonlighted alleys, or tumble about like young puppies on the sunny sea-sands, Nature is not abandoning any of her ancient methods for new ones! What does she care whether we guess that youth has just plighted its troth because we see Orlando kiss Rosalind's hand under the moving green roof

of forest trees, or because we watch Croesus, junior, in a millionaire's ocean paradise, take Miss Midas by the ankles and throw her off a raft? Both call our attention to the fact that the two "understand each other." Distinction of behavior belongs to the first, and boisterous good-fellowship to the last, but the eternal result is the same. They marry.

Perhaps, however, it would be well to call attention to the danger of dropping too much mystery in the playing of the great game. To warn little ladies that a shoulder can be more delectable seen through a mist of gauze; an ankle moving in a cloud of lace; an eye glancing through downcast lashes; a soul holding itself a little crisply aloof; a heart no less honestly in love for being worn in a more romantic place than on the sleeve. We have heard where the young man's fancy lightly turns in the springtime, and we think the charm that holds it longest is the charm that hides the obvious and keeps a soft screen of guesswork about person and personality. It is not well to be too well known. Barriers are easy to break and difficult to build up again.

We must all have experienced the delight of being thrown with new people in new places and having an incentive to make the very best of ourselves. Our interesting qualities are in evidence; we keep our dull, bad ones, and all the odds and ends between, out of sight. We do not let ourselves yield to impatience, nor indulge in a dozen small weaknesses dear to our hearts. We are what children call "on our good behavior." And then, gradually or suddenly, we let our characters come out. They dominate us. We let them exhibit us quite shamelessly to the inside and outside world. Both get to know just what we are like, and neither they nor we are much the better, perhaps, for that. A certain wise reticence is to be commended. Do not let us give ourselves too much away, body or soul; not even entirely to our nearest and dearest. The seventh veil is a good thing to keep.

XXI

THE CALLED AND THE CHOSEN

SOCIETY in this country, about which something is eternally being written in our best as well as our worst papers, is something a little difficult to describe. One takes the word to mean the conspicuous members of any set in a large community who spend most of their time in the pursuit of sport or amusement; the people who consider themselves, and are considered by others, to be of the real right kind of gayness in a gay world, and are admired, envied, and imitated as such.

Some of these people have inherited their position; that is, their families have been for generations known and notable in their vicinity. They have a sort of traditional right to avail themselves, when the spirit moves them, of such advantages as free entrances and front seats at the game, circus, show, or whatever term one may use to describe social happenings. Others have achieved a position which enables them to

pay for boxes, the very biggest boxes; and their judgment of the performance naturally depends a little upon how much they have had to pay.

But both sorts are possessed alike of attributes which make them agreeable to each other. Money, alone, no matter how lavishly spent, will not get them in, and old family connections, particularly in this iconoclastic age, won't keep them there. They must all have something to contribute to the general entertainment. It may be beauty, or light-heartedness, or good fellowship, or good sportsmanship. It may be some gift, like music or painting. It may be a fine flow of merriment and a parlor trick or two. But something they must be able to offer, and the other players must like playing with them. That is the whole secret. One must be eligible in order to be elected or stay a member of this ever-shifting company, and eligibility changes with the times.

But the people who have always been elected take things a little less seriously, perhaps, than the people who have more lately arrived. It doesn't seem necessary to them to be on tiptoe. They can loll a bit in their places and play with

their grandmothers' pearls—a single string—while some sparkling, flashing, bejewelled beauty sweeps into view. She is Fashion. The latest thing in line, in complexion, in the dressing of her hair, in the adjustment of her lovely features to the languid expression which constant adulation has demanded of them.

Her dress is marvelous. The dress of Fashion, naturally, would be. Every fold, every brilliant twinkle of rhinestone or spangle, every floating scarf of chiffon, every clash of breath-taking color fixes the attention of the onlooker. The mode is to be daring, and she is audacious even about that. Her white back, her long white arms, the delicate foot, ankle, and leg which her costume makes evident, are all models for a sculptor, and she knows it and every one in the room knows it, also.

It is permitted to Fashion to exhibit anything that Fashion chooses to exhibit, and she must keep step with the times. If she has a fan, it is a novelty of novelties in fans. Her jewels are constantly reset to meet the newest fancy in precious-stone setting. The brilliant brow-band, the incrusted combs, the aigrette, or the sweep-

ing feather in her hair are exactly what the artist who devised the gown invented to be worn with it. When she appears in street dress all the accessories of her toilet must be equally well ordered. Her hat, her veil, her parasol, her purse, her bag, her shoes, and her stockings must be not only the last word in such things, but extra last-worded once more to suit her type.

First appearances of Fashion are designed to strike beholders dumb with admiration. "This is it," they must feel before they can fetch breath to say the words. And the voice and manner of Fashion must be such as to compel attention. She is there to be observed, and while it is proper to appear (and soon becomes second nature to be) almost unconscious of this observation, a falling off of it would be as unpleasant as a lack of applause after any admirably sustained effort. The success of her rôle depends upon her public.

Distinction, on the contrary, feels no impulse toward effort and plays no rôle. She always has been somebody, and she need not take the trouble to startle. She has the careless ease of habit, and while disdaining no advantage that

her world can give her, she takes things casually and does what seems good in her own eyes, without thought of onlookers. She has forgotten the value of her grandmother's pearls and only feels affectionately toward them. She would probably prefer the quaint setting of her diamond clasp or brooch to any newly designed one. Not that an awkward or a trivial ornament would find favor in her eyes, but that the new, simply because it is new, does not of necessity beguile her.

She would dress as exquisitely as she had exquisite taste, and her delicate, deliberate individuality would hold itself slightly aloof from the extreme of any mode. She would modify, she would adapt, and the best dressmakers in the land of dressmakers would recognize her artistic right to judge. She might be haughtily lovely in drifting satin and spraying lace; as beautiful in her way as Fashion, with lines as perfect and a figure as free. She might happen to cause a sensation, but she would not try to create it. She might be aware of observation, but she would in no way challenge it.

She might, on the other hand, choose to dress

like the deuce and carry herself with such assurance that none would venture to gainsay her. There have been English duchesses who utterly despised any truckling to the mode. But whether she dressed well or ill, her whole attitude would be one of more indifference to her audience than Fashion can afford, and, paraphrasing Mr. Pepys's famous dictum, "No gentleman should dance as well as the dancing-master," she might well say, "No gentlewoman need dress as well as the mannequin."

XXII

THE PRICE OF BONDAGE

NOTHING in the world is so expensive to the average citizen as the habit of imitation. A great man once said that only the true aristocrat and the tramp were free; all between were bound by convention. And a true saying is that same! Give the ordinary man or woman just a little more money than is absolutely necessary for food and shelter, and ten to one it will be spent, not in getting what that man or woman would naturally want for themselves if left to themselves, but in buying either what their neighbors have or what their neighbors would most envy them for having.

Here at once is a state of bondage. Why must one family be forced into rivalry with another? Why do John and Jane insist upon expressing the same sort of taste (only better, of course) that is expressed by William and Mary? For the sake of flaunting themselves before the world

and the eyes of their outdistanced friends, of course! Why are they not content with their own taste, such as it is? Because they belong to the great middle class of minds; the class that is afraid to show any individuality—afraid to be itself and not a poor copy of something it considers better.

The real aristocrat does not care a button whether the Marquis of Carabas, whose estates adjoin his, makes a better showing in the world than he does; and the tramp is indifferent, as only a tramp can be, to the habiliments and bearing of his fellow on the next bench. Each is, for his own reasons, calmly aloof and untrammelled by that dread of being in any way unusual—of differing from the "we-group" which controls and cripples the middle masses of most so-called civilized peoples. This dread comes, perhaps, from an oversensitive, over-self-conscious measuring of themselves with the outside appearances of persons and surroundings which they ignorantly admire. It is a fault of youth.

The very young are apt to be slavishly conventional. Look at the usual schoolboy's abject terror lest his visiting family should not produce

a favorable impression upon the half-baked judgment of his companions. Look at the ordinary schoolgirl's misery if she is not garbed from top to toe as much as possible like the favorites of her set! It is also a fault of ignorance. The ignorant are aggressively conventional; timid in taste and vulgar in display when once they have acquired what they consider desirable in the eyes of others. But whatever its causes, it is a most costly fault and far-reaching in its consequences.

The immigrant, for instance, who arrives in England or America—both of them lands of supposed freedom—is met by the tyranny of trades unions, of shoes, and of meat. In his own country, perhaps, his boys and girls went happily barefooted most of their days and ate meals innocent of what Prince Troubetzkoy so unappetizingly calls "*les cadavres*." Also, the whole family worked at what they could as long as they pleased. But once set down within the circles of higher imitative bondage, they must work no faster than the slowest, no better than the dullest; they must wear shoes because their acquaintances will envy them if they do, and

eat meat because their critics will despise them if they do not.

It has been recorded that a certain superintendent, speaking to his employer of an Italian who wanted his wages raised, said: "He doesn't need his wages raised while he still eats rice and vegetables, dandelion salad, and whatever he can find, and does not have meat once a week!" In order, therefore, to obtain an increase in wages, it will be seen at once that a man must prove himself in no way behind the demands of his neighbors, whether they accord with his own wishes or not. And what could be more extravagant or more idiotic than this?

Mounting in the scale of social world democracy, one comes back to imitation in luxuries; luxuries in household surroundings, where, if John has five servants and a rising income and happens to order the inside of his dwelling done, room after room, by the most exorbitant firm of decorators, William (on a fixed salary) must do likewise; luxuries in fashion, where if Jane is shod in lace stockings and pale gray suède shoes to trip about the lawns of charitable garden parties, Mary must wear the same when

she steps through the muddy streets to make a few morning purchases. There again is the extravagance as well as the inappropriateness and general stupidity of the copy-cat system. A trivial example, but one which will serve well enough by way of illustration. A simple character with real sense, or the meekest of gentlewomen sure of herself and the taste of her traditions, could neither of them make the mistake of wearing a conspicuous article of apparel at a conspicuously unsuitable moment. Never would it occur to them that this was a means of establishing claims to position.

But, since the outward and visible signs of fine living began to be assumed by those who possess no inward and spiritual grace, we shall probably continue to see Dolly the dairy-maid going to call the cattle home in satin slippers and Lady Diana tramping the heather in stout shoes and woollen stockings. A person like the Marquis of Carabas (who, one remembers, made his fortune exploiting cats) will still confound himself in excuses for not serving his noble guests with any dainty rarer than ortolans' tongues on gold plate; and his noble guests will

still feel, when they set before him the modest products of their depleted larders (on the remains of the family china) and bid him welcome, that they can do no more and should do no more, since what is offered in good faith and hospitality needs neither explanation nor apology.

Only the vulgar are ostentatious. Only the poor-spirited need to copy others. Only those who are uncertain of their position imagine that they have to establish a pretence of habits foreign to their ordinary ways of living; or acquire objects of which they know the cost, but not the value; or dress in a manner which shows their ignorance of the first principles of sense and good taste.

The immigrant, with his vegetable diet and his handsome bare-legged children, was much nearer to respectable freedom before he took to ill-to-be-afforded flesh and bad boots. John and Jane were almost the gentlefolk they thought themselves before they strained their resources of mind and money, character and credit, to the utmost in order to play the showy part coveted by William and Mary. How right was the great man's saying, "Only the true

aristocrat, lord by inheritance of himself, and the tramp, careless by circumstance of any man's opinion, are free." All between are in bondage to themselves and each other and paying the highest possible price for the unfortunate predicament, too.

XXIII

THE AMIABLE SOCIAL GODMOTHER

THERE is another fine trait shared by the highest and the lowliest alike, and that is sincerity. The classes between, again, will have none of it. They are afraid to be sincerely themselves, lest they should sin against the court rules of a bogy-goddess whom they worship under the name of etiquette, and many are the unnecessary terrors she causes them and the unnecessary sacrifices they make to her.

Nobody will deny the existence of etiquette—the etiquette of good manners which graduate from old ceremonies to the newest customs—and this etiquette hands down certain rules from one generation to another. Each generation rebels against some of these rules, and, by each generation, some of them are discarded, but there will always remain a foundation of kindness, consideration, and fair play; and, by looking upon etiquette as an amiable old godmother to be consulted, instead of an angry

goddess to be propitiated, we shall come much nearer the ease and naturalness of the best behavior.

The best behavior is always easy and natural. Well-bred people do not have to put on airs or assume graces in order to impress one another or the outside world. They are who they are, without fear or favor. To be well born—that is, to inherit an ancestry known among gentle people for many ages—is not given to all of us; but anybody can be innately well bred, or can cultivate the feelings which produce good manners. It is largely a question of character.

If a man means to deal justly by his fellows, if he has self-respect, fine feelings, and any powers of observation, he will never go far astray. The great laws of politeness are, as we said above, only these: to be considerate, to be observant, to be self-respecting, and to play, or fight, fair. The smaller rules, which the different sets of society in different countries follow in slightly different ways, are not really of so much importance. It mortifies our ego sometimes not to know them, and, therefore, we shall do well to acquire them as we move about the world, but the best-bred

people are not likely to be half so critical of our manners as of our characters.

Certainly an accidental lapse in surface breeding would not be judged by them so severely as a lapse of inner right feeling. A pampered heiress's good, plain, old mamma who, from the nature of her bringing up, could not know the little niceties of worldly deportment, would be more easily excused than the snobbish daughter who contemptuously corrected her. A man who could firmly, but without temper, defend an absent friend from unkind comment, might easily be forgiven for not knowing how to address royalty.

And yet one detects in oneself this tiny criticism: that the good, plain mamma, if she desires to background her daughter in that social life upon which the young lady is imposing herself, should try to notice, for ordinary use, what the habits of the inhabitants are; also that nature's noblemen should be willing to address rulers, black, brown, or white, be they Chiefs, Potentates, Presidents, or Kings, as they are accustomed to being addressed. Why should he not?

This is a courtesy which injures no man's

dignity. Indeed, people's ability to accept usages foreign to their own, attaching neither too much nor too little importance to them, is an excellent test of the amount of good sense and good taste in their characters. A man must have an overwhelming idea of his own importance and an infinitesimal sense of humor, if he plumes himself upon setting at defiance the general etiquette of whatever community he happens to be thrown with.

Take the very situation just mentioned. Suppose he has, in some way, exceedingly distinguished himself—under the sea, perhaps, or in the air, or by his brush, or his voice, or through his profession, whatever that may be—and, by virtue of this distinction, he has been invited to dine with some reigning sovereign.

It is the custom for guests to assemble before royalty enters the room; it is the custom to adopt a certain form in addressing the King; one says, "Your Majesty," in replying to his first remark, and afterward, "Sir." Now, supposing our man to be the most rampant democrat in existence, he would do himself and his country only credit by learning this beforehand

and practising it when learned, and he would appear like a boor, and an egotistic boor at that, if he chose deliberately to disregard it on any ground whatsoever.

Ignorance, or a mistake about such etiquette, means nothing and would excuse itself; but intentional flaunting of one's personal opinions or prejudices at a time and place where they are insultingly opposed to the usages of one's host, king or peasant, would be unpardonable.

Self-control and the subordination of one's own feelings to ordinary social conditions are marks of ordinary civility and should be taken as a matter of course. Some very usual customs have excellent reasons; dressing for dinner, for instance. In America, it is done by comparatively few of the inhabitants of even the large cities. Men, in particular, are slack about it. Some think it too much trouble, and some seem to have a strange sort of idea that it commits them to an effete state of mind.

In the jokes on the funny pages of the Sunday papers, the man of the family is always represented as furiously rebelling against the evening coat. Why? And again, why? The wearing of

evening clothes implies nothing more among people of inherited, or acquired, social standing than the desire to be clean, neat, and as attractive as possible when they put aside the duties (and dust) of the day and meet in the pleasant relaxation of their own, or some one else's, evening atmosphere. It is a well-known fact that dressing for an expected meal stimulates the gastric juices. Then why not dress for it? If a man's circumstances, of life or pocket, happen to be such that dress clothes would be inappropriate, he would not wear them, but if his surroundings are in keeping, why not do it?

Why not, in fact, do anything one can to keep whatever customs make for both sense and sensibility, without carrying things too far? Nobody should feel self-conscious in such matters, and nobody will, if they consider them of neither too much nor too little importance, but of just importance enough, and bring common sense to bear upon them. We have all heard it said that a man should get up from his chair when a woman rises from hers. And, if a woman in her own drawing-room gets up to welcome an incoming guest, he naturally would do so.

But, suppose the woman got up to reach a book from a near-by shelf or table, and then to look in the chimneypiece mirror, and then to straighten a flower in a vase, the behavior of that man, if he got up each time, might be the behavior of a jumping-jack. Now, consideration teaches him that, if he is to be introduced to the newcomer, or if he can reach the book, or ring the bell, or do any service for his hostess, on his feet he ought to be! If, on the contrary, he can only watch her doing things for herself, he might just as well do it self-respectingly from the depth of the easiest sofa.

XXIV

CHILDREN OF CIRCUMSTANCE

IT has often been alleged that people whose wealth was new to them showed their appreciation of the fact by constant reference to it, and, in fiction at least, a certain class of Americans were traditionally considered the worst offenders. They were represented as so dreadfully impressed by the ease and affluence of their condition, the unaccustomed abundance of their possessions, that they could not keep it to themselves. Naïvely, gorgeously, childishly, rather pathetically, they told one the prices of the clothes they wore, the jewels that bedecked them, the different belongings with which they were surrounded. Not in the collector's spirit, which rates an object according to its excellence, or its rarity, and rejoices with a great rejoicing if it has been wrested from the Philistines for less than its worth, but with the simple vanity of the democratic plutocrat not yet used to the golden touch, and anxious to explain the effect of each imprint of his wonder-working fingers.

And the more humdrum or grubby the ways in which his one head or his ten fingers had toiled to make his fortune, the more the contrast of his present state affected him and his family. Such people were never quite so artless as the man with the stubby little finger of his vulgar hand outstretched to focus attention on a large diamond ring as he demanded, "What's the price of them fish?" Nor again so smug as Morleena Kenwigs's mother, with her: "And if you *must* say anything about it, don't you say no more than, 'We've got a private master comes to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because Ma says it's sinful.'"

No, the suddenly made rich, besides the frank delight of showing off expensive property because it was expensive, were really interested in the amount it represented. So many good dollars and cents invested in delicate lace, fragile glass, in painted canvas, in the thousand and one articles they believed a new life demanded of them, could not fail to be a source of continual surprise. The value of heavy plate went nearer to explaining itself, although it could always be agreeably explained.

To-day, people of the very kind who would have most criticized flaunters of full pockets do not hesitate to flaunt empty ones. An untoward turn of Fortune's wheel has done what Mr. Tennyson long ago adjured it to do, and "lowered the proud," the noble proud, the nice proud, the proud whose possessions had been for ages a part of them, no more to be noticed or referred to before outsiders than their family secrets.

The surroundings of such people, particularly in England, were, by themselves and their like, taken for granted. Their owners never thought of mentioning them even when making terrible sacrifices to keep them intact. But, once swept away, the lack of accustomed dignities and even decencies had been at least as hard to bear in silence as the acquisition of unaccustomed ones. Those who would never have acclaimed wealth do not scruple to lament poverty, and in no measured terms, either.

This condition is as absorbingly distressing to them as the other was absorbingly satisfying to the suddenly opulent. Both had been powerfully impressed by new circumstances, one

pleasantly and the other unpleasantly. Neither could help expressing the effect made upon them. It is less plebeian to explain one's disabilities than to boast, be it never so mildly, of one's assets. But it is sometimes as difficult for the stranger to know what to say, or which way to look, when confronted by extreme examples of either sort.

Harder, indeed, when his sympathies are involved, as they would be in the former case; for it is certainly less difficult to egg on the vainglorious by a careless nod of acquiescence than to find the right words in which to express to the unfortunate a fellow-feeling which must of necessity stop at expression. Not that those who lament wish one to do anything about it. They rehearse the sad consequences of penury and neglect upon their once delightful environment because the disagreeableness of it still outrages their sense of propriety. They require nothing but the listening ear.

It is that attentive organ whose cause I am now taking up, from purely impartial motives, since my heart is entirely on the side of the complainers. There are few things more enjoyable

than good complaints. Job knew that. But, I put it to myself: is it the height of fine breeding (which I desire to possess) to allow my condition, whether high or low, rich or poor, to be the cause of discomfort to others? And the answer certainly is—not if I can help it.

Of course, there are times when it is unhelpable; when, if pressed for an answer as to why we do not do this, or have that, or go there, simplicity and sense compel us to confess our disabilities. But, between a mere statement of fact and the constant allusion to difficulties, there is a wide difference, and, if the difficulties were passionately deplored during the whole of a visitor's visit, might it not be said that we had aired our grievances at the expense of that unfortunate guest's pleasure?

Echo—always a most tiresome attribute of nature—answers that it might. Too much stress laid upon one's surroundings, or oneself, is likely to pall upon outsiders. This is what we are apt to forget. As age creeps on, in the dastardly way it does, and there comes a silvery powdering in dark hair and a line or two in an otherwise smooth cheek, a pretty woman is

sometimes tempted to call attention to it, thus registering the fact that she realizes and accepts the touch of time. But the listening ear may be embarrassed, and its owner (unless of a peculiarly understanding temperament)— tongue-tied between polite agreement and polite contradiction. On the whole, to regard our possessions and our person as subjects taboo to most people may add the charm of mystery to our other charms, and the casual companion need not know whether its sources are of the present or the past, and, assuredly, will not care.

XXV

THE GOLDEN DROP

THE tendencies of our juniors being ever more democratic and even socialistic in fashion, one is tempted to inquire, watching them on their well-intentioned way, where they think these paths are likely to lead. "Away from snobbishness and toward the equality and brotherhood of man," they may reply, and indeed have replied more than once to us. It sounds noble, but what exactly do they mean by it? What is comprised in their idea of brotherhood? Can it only exist between equals? If so, how is this to be arranged and to stay arranged? What is a brother? What is an equal? What is a snob? These are vital questions.

According to the dictionary, a snob is "a vulgar upstart; one who apes gentility," and snobbishness means "pretentiousness." But a gentleman does not ape gentility; he is gentle. He cannot be pretentious when possessed of the high qualities of courtesy, self-control, and self-

reliance, bred and educated into him through years of discipline; therefore, it is impossible for him to be snobbish.

It is conceivable, however, that he may be the cause of snobbishness in others—in men who reject discipline for themselves, while resenting the superiority its training gives, and who either affect an outward semblance of the very characteristics they sneer at, or, to belittle them, take pleasure in assuming their opposites. Away from these manifestations it would truly be well to lead people, but how can they be led if those who should know enough to guide, set themselves to follow?

As for equality, one can only point out, as has been done hundreds of times, that men never have been, and never will be, equal, even if they could be started alike. They are not so in the same families with the same advantages and disadvantages; certainly not in this great Earth-family, where every sort of experience distributed to the many would still be appreciated only by the few. Yet they may be brothers till the cows come home if they have the good-will and understanding.

Leaders are a different matter. Some splendid souls have been born already made. But generally speaking, it takes years of training to fit a man to think and act justly and temperately; to refrain when he sees he is infringing upon the rights of others; to have their interests as well as his own at heart; to command without ostentation; to be considerate without weakness; to hold to what is true and laugh at what is merely expedient; above all, to be courageous with life and contemptuous of death. In all this, the fine poise and politeness which come from the strict enforcement of good breeding play a prominent part.

These things, at their best, are not lightly come by. They are largely the result of an education which, in its highest form, is the education of character imposed on gentlemen by gentlemen. The aristocrat is house-broken to the world. Admitted that some men born inside this class have none of the attributes mentioned; admitted that some men born outside it have all of them—at least certain qualities of head and heart, quickened senses and restrained emotions, are necessary, and for the perfect

proportion of these, certain atmospheres and associations are important. The qualities may grow without them, but they will grow better with them. So a boy trained among his superiors or his equals, should gain more, and gain it more rapidly, than a boy trained among his inferiors.

The outsider, with ambitions both shrewd and sincere, has always known this. He recognized that to acquire the right point of view, the right feelings, and the right manner of expressing them, he must, if he could, send his boy to be trained where the greater number of boys from right-thinking, right-feeling, and well-mannered families were sent. And he did so. He might have been a little more influenced by outward appearances than inward graces, but he was, on the whole, desirous that his son should have the advantages of a cadetship which should initiate him into the motives underlying higher class conduct.

The insiders, on the contrary, have of late years been developing a sort of cult for socialism. The kind that can be enthusiastically believed in and defended while it interferes with none of the comforts of home. The kind that supports

schools where one can send one's artless sons (in limousines) to mingle with the astute sons of the great populace (who will one day own all the limousines) and to be taught with that freedom of choice and lack of discipline which distinguishes the latest thing in scholastics. The kind that values itself upon being able to set aside inherited training in theory, while it does not, thank heaven, entirely abandon it in practice. The kind, in fact, which might be described as "socialism de luxe," happily indulged in by those whose brains stoop to glorious broad-mindedness while their backs still remain ingenuously stiff.

All this would seem harmless enough, and is, as far as these good people are concerned, because upon them it has no practical effect whatsoever. But it is a betrayal of their order, and delivers over their children at an impressionable age to surroundings and influences intentionally hostile to their traditions. One is told that the young must be equipped with modern weapons. One is told that to understand the new spirit abroad in the world one must cast aside the old. What new? The individualistic and aggressive

surge of the great masses; the clutching at what is the raw will of one group to the ruin of another; the ugly shifts and deceits of trade; the vulgar power of the plutocrat; the violent unreason of the demagogue inflaming ignorance—one must be of them to understand them? One must be equipped with their weapons to fight them? A very revolting thought! And what old? The teachings inherited from long lines of men and women who took their positions as incentives to high purposes; who believed that authority involved no self-sought and heady privilege, but grave responsibility and self-denial; protection of the weak and a firm stand against turbulence, in support of right. We have already agreed that these qualities are confined to no rank, and that wherever fine character is finely discovered gentlemen meet each other.

But to a certain class for a long time the cultivation of such ideals was left. The every-day "don'ts" of its children were always stricter than those of the masses. Obedience, considerateness, respect for law and order, and for others' rights and opinions, were drilled into its young by their elders as they are not drilled into the

young of the populace. A golden essence of personal education was distilled, drop after drop, by men of these traditions to their sons. One cannot feel that it has been succeeded by anything better for the world. And one does feel that it may be mistakenly merged into a tossing sea of social and socialistic unrest and "sunk without trace."

XXVI

THE LOSS OF THE HOME-KEEPER

ONCE upon a time, when the traditional attributes of the sexes were more differentially grouped than they are now, the task of home-keeping devolved upon woman. Out went man with axe and spade, with gun and rod, later with guile in his heart and trade in his pocket; and in stayed woman to work about the house. That was her province—the well-being of the home, its comfort, fitness, and adornment—which, with the bringing up of the children, made life for her sufficiently busy. Man, the provider; woman, the preserver: sweet and sensible division of responsibility. And, economically, how sound a basis for domesticity to rest upon! But, with the passing of years and the pressure of outside influences, conditions appear to have changed. I say "appear" because I do not believe that they have really changed anything like as much as the upholders of the slogan, "increase your earning capacity," imagine.

There is something about the ability to earn, especially that amount known in America as "good money," which seems to inhibit the ability to save, and when both the family heads are engaged in the business of earning, the business of saving is likely to be neglected. Who is going to darn and mend, to turn things inside out and upside down, to shop at those splendid moments known to careful housewives as "occasions," when articles long wished for may be attained for something approximating their real value?

Who is going to stop leaks from getting any "leakier" by observing them in time; to suggest and see that food changes its aspect, while lasting on indefinitely; that the table is set to the handsomest advantage; that the sum of bills is in reasonable proportion to the items set down; that the children keep well and the domestic routine runs smoothly? Who, indeed, if the female of the species has to be out making herself as businesslike as the male or (in some cases, we hope) perhaps more so?

Many people might think the answer to this was "trustworthy servants," but who, nowa-

days, easily finds servants of a trustworthiness that cares for the interests of master and mistress as of old they used to be cared for? The same urge to make "good money"—even under less agreeable conditions—will drive them from old-fashioned places where they accepted responsibility and became almost members of the family, to modern ones where they do as little and draw as much as may be, while treating and being treated with the most sumptuous indifference.

Then, too, even among those who are devoted, or semi-devoted, thrift is not conspicuous. Thrift is a question of intelligent foresight, and, in the peasant classes of certain countries, this quality is conspicuous only by its absence. The Irish, for instance, a nation which has provided many households with warm-hearted, wasteful servitors, are completely devoid of it. With them, and with the Irish-American, to be carelessly indifferent, lavish, extravagant, and proud of it, is to show proper spirit. The mistress who keeps an eye on her kitchen expenditure, or indeed any expenditure, is not looked upon as living up to the highest principles of a mistress,

and any attempt on her part to control outlay or waste is regarded as contemptible.

But why should we talk about a class that will soon be non-existent? Not only are there few servants to whom one could confidently leave the little nest and nestlings while one was out raising the family "earning capacity," there are few of any reliable sort to be had at all, and, apparently, there are going to be fewer. Whether this has been brought about by new conditions of life or whether the new conditions of life have been brought about by this, would be hard to say. It is merely understood from credible sources that such is the case.

The little flats which now occupy the stories of once large houses, the small apartments situated in the great apartment buildings, all the divisions and subdivisions of space which are to enclose us as cells enclose bees, have less and less accommodation for servants. Kitchenettes take the place of kitchens—once the centres of home life. Horrid little dark cupboards, with inadequate arrangements shut away behind doors, have been substituted for the airy rooms, the spacious floors, the wide, welcoming ranges,

the old-fashioned dressers gay with flowered china, and the fat, rosy-cheeked cooks of our childhood days—the cooks who loved us, in spite of our teasing ways, and sometimes let us play tunes upon the copper saucepans with long wooden spoons.

No fat, rosy-cheeked cook belongs in a kitchenette. Indeed, nobody belongs in it. It is just what it appears to be, a makeshift for the non-home-keeper. Meals are a makeshift in such surroundings, and no woman who has been out wage-earning all day can have much spirit to bring to the preparing of them. Some women, of course, have to be wage-earners. Circumstances may have obliged them to support themselves or other people, and, in the sense that their activities bring in enough money to keep a roof over their heads and the heads of those dear to them, they are, we admit, home-keepers, and much to be commended. But almost any one of these capable hard workers will, if asked, tell the world that it is very difficult to earn efficiently and save efficiently at the same time. To make an unwasteful and effective household, some one must earn abroad while some one

saves at home. Time is too important to the earner, and money in the pocket is much too near at hand. Bang goes many a precious sixpence because there's no waiting for a better bargain.

Now, the true home-keeper can afford to wait for a bargain. She can contrive a thousand ways to make things last till the best opportunity comes to renew them. She can do what no hireling can do—put her heart into the every-day management of her domain and find real interest, even real romance, in it. Surely, there's as much fun in household tasks as in dashing off the shrewd thoughts of the sharp, illiterate business man on the office typewriter, even if one does earn money at it. One doesn't—that is, two do not—have to earn so much money if any intelligent attention is devoted to saving it, and for this there certainly should be one keeper in every home. Perhaps the only way to adjust this according to modern methods will be to pay the home-keeper to stay in the home and save. Expensive as the idea sounds, it may in the end prove a blessing in disguise.

XXVII

OUR UNBENT TWIGS

IF the dearth of home-keepers is partly due to the demands and enticements of business, it has also a less creditable cause, for if there is one thing more than another which the average young woman should know, and frequently does not, it is her own job. Plaints about this have begun again to rise upon the listening air. Money is being wasted, houses are badly kept, food is ill cooked, and children are ill cared for. Youth, in fact, female youth in particular, is less than ever trained in the way it should go. So say the murmurers.

Now, in the days when every man's home was his castle, woman had to be adequate as a châtelaine. She had to know how food was prepared, how fabrics were woven, how maids were trained (both by precept and example), how children were taught, how knights were nursed and mended, if possible, when they came back damaged from their contentions with each other, or with the Turks for the Holy Land.

The actual doing or active superintendence of these things was the every-day task of ladies of the highest degree. It was taken as a matter of course that cordials and possets, tapestry and linens, soothing draughts and dressings for wounds should be made by their skilful fingers, and that their handmaidens and their youthful families should be guided by their wise counsels. Not only did the highest and the lowliest of the female world have to shoulder a goodly number of domestic responsibilities, but the great class between—now the most conspicuous for airs and affectations—consisted then of notable housewives who were proud to be known as such.

Why has household science lost its prestige? To do women justice, the fault is not all theirs. Some of it, much of it, may be, but not all. When men ceased to cluster in castles—each keeping its industrial resources within its walls and well guaranteed to withstand siege as long as its man-power could repulse any other man-power sent against it—when small units stopped their constant conflicts, then villages and towns began to spring up, and their inhabitants soon learned to support themselves by specializing

in certain occupations for their neighbors, which, once upon a time, their neighbors, great or small, had practised under their own roofs.

Away flew the apparent necessity for every fine lady to know something about weaving and worsted-work, presiding in the still-room, overlooking the young at the hornbook, and curing the wounds poked by lance or sword in the tough bodies of their lords. Experts, of sorts, could deal with such matters and did. Soon, for Dame Prudence, the yeoman's wife, the butcher no longer killed on her domain, but in his butcher-shop; and baking was no longer baked and candles were no longer dipped under her eyes. Even the peasants, thrifty and wise with the hard wisdom of the soil, learned how not to tread their own grapes nor grind their own corn. Home industries left home, and men and women followed them. This seems quite reasonable—freedom being the eternal cry of the fool—but, no matter where men and women go, "home" is as securely perched upon the female back as the shell upon the snail, and woman must keep it decently or be blamed.

Fixing the blame is one of the pleasantest

games played by man since Adam began it. But a few Eves are joining in this blame-fixing and are agreeing that there is something to be said about other Eves' incapacity as house mistresses and house servants. In some countries, public opinion has even gone far enough to allow of legislation in the matter. One hears that Denmark and Sweden have done, and Switzerland proposes to do, decided deeds. The last named is a sturdy, determined, common-sensible nation, and this is how it sees the situation. The making or marring of marriages, and, with them, of the public good, rests, it is believed, very much upon comfort in the household. Comfort cannot be maintained if the woman partner knows nothing about her end of the business. Is she being taught to know it? Is she learning it from her mother? From the ordinary education of schools? No, the expert social reformers declare that she is not.

A number of people in the pleasant republic had already protested that, if money had been spent upon boy-training, it should be expended also upon girl-training, which—since it was the average girl's natural vocation—should be in

housewifery. Classes were organized, but attendance was compulsory only in certain places and from girls of certain stations. Now, according to the new measure suggested, all young female persons, whatever their rank, will be forced to take advantage of the free opportunity offered them. They may live at home and attend, or they may live at the Public School for Housewifery. But attend they must, or else pass an examination to prove that, in the practice of all which concerns housewifery, they are already expert.

This means that they know how to be good caterers and cooks, what to buy at market, and how to make the best of it when bought; that they understand how to clean rooms, make fires, wash dishes, polish, and dust—all the duties of kitchen-maid, housemaid, and waitress, as well as of housekeeper; that the care of children and the elements of sick-nursing are familiar to them. A girl must be fitted, as far as she can be, to do her duty to her husband and children if she marries: to feed them well, take care of them, and make a good home for them. If she does not marry, she is still fitted

to do her duty by her country and to the people about her, if trained according to this system.

Of course, such classes as are here described may be found at various places in our Anglo-Saxon countries, but, as the writer of the article which we quote points out, in many, if not all, parts of Switzerland, they have to be universally attended. Every girl, rich or poor, reluctant or willing, must give a service year to the state. Boys are fitted to defend the home. Girls must be fitted to make a home worth defending. It is contended that, when every girl, patrician, bourgeois, proletarian, is a trained housewife, there will be no lack of good mistresses and good servants, of well-kept houses, well-fed (and, consequently, amiable) husbands, well-brought-up (and, therefore, agreeable) children, and a sort of general heaven upon earth in which it will be exceedingly and materially comfortable to dwell. There is something in this idea.

XXVIII

HIDDEN HUSBANDS

ONCE upon a time, the unmarried female, the spinster Miss of any household, felt her maiden name to be no particular title of dignity—quite the contrary, in fact—and would accept the addresses of the first eligible man countenanced by her family rather than face a future in which she never wrote herself down "Mrs." As a middle-aged woman, she might even trifle with the temptation of pretending to such a title if she found herself in surroundings where its assumption carried weight. As a bride, she bore the name of her husband like a precious possession, proudly and tenderly. Most certainly, it would never have occurred to her that she lost distinction by so doing.

But to-day, among ladies both socially and professionally occupied, one often comes upon instances of the unused or the repudiated married cognomen, and, possibly, one is going to come upon them oftener. Bright stars in any

artistic firmament are to be pardoned for publicly holding to appellations which they have made famous or otherwise. In the business world, brilliant heads of many departments, continue, quite uncriticized, to hold their efficient positions in the names under which they originally took them. But the fine lights of the Domestic Hearth—that sacred spot—seem less understandable when they decide to crash through the lanterns of their husband's patronymics. And crash they do, here and there, so that no man knows when splintered glass may be about to fall upon his cringing crest.

Sometimes, of course, he does not cringe; he smiles, or he shrugs his shoulders, or he gallantly appears to admire his mate's spirit. Yet, underneath, does he like it? Honestly and truly, does he like it? One wonders, in spite of the fact that some of the husbands of the most spirited have declared that they do and have defended the idea in its entirety. Others feel, reasonably enough from the great American trade point of view, that if their lady wives make better going of it in business hours as Miss than as Mrs., they had better make it.

Provided it is really Mrs. Placid who returns to her pleasant house, what, says Mr. Placid, need he care that, by her earlier designation of Miss Tempest, she has been stirring the office atmosphere into proper activity all day long? Not half-a-dozen persons who meet her professionally know of Mr. Placid's existence, but Mrs. Placid probably cherishes her married name all the more that she puts it on with her hat to go home. It is the woman who makes the leaving off of it a challenge, who has come to regard her single title as a banner worth flaunting just because it is hers, for whom we have, as yet, very little sympathy.

It is quite possible to understand why Lucy Stone, or any other woman with a pretty name of her own, should balk at exchanging it for a less euphonious one; or that, considering her individuality once marked as befits it, she should object to its being re-marked. If the law allows her a choice, she is well within her rights in choosing, yet, while the custom of the land still makes a convention of matrimony, everything that adds to its outward decorum should be suitably preserved.

This is not the case if lively uneasiness is occasioned in the breasts of passport officials (never the most trustful of mortals) when requested to furnish papers for ladies and gentlemen purporting to be married, yet travelling under separate names; nor if the feelings of steamship clerks (notoriously modest men) are harrowed by demands for staterooms where their emancipated occupants announce themselves to be Miss and Mister. Does any normal man look any other normal man in the eye and not feel like a fool when he has to say, "Yes, this *is* my wife, even though she does call herself Miss Carnivora Fandango or Miss Jane Anne Smith"?

Of course, he doesn't. And he must suffer the torments of the derided, which are, if anything, worse than those of the damned, when attempting to register at a decent hotel. Most men like their lines of scarlet and cream color, black and white, well divided. Either a woman is a wife and habitually uses her husband's name, or she is not and may, within certain limits, call herself what she pleases. But to be a wife and expose her husband, as in these circumstances

she does at present expose him, to most of the difficulties and none of the delights of a more indefinite relationship might well seem to that good man unfair.

For the three classes who put up with it—those who bow and bear, those who are too sophisticated to care, and those whose attitude of intellectual admiration seems a little ahead of the occasion—there must be three times three who regard it as poppycock! They know that real individuality does not need to depend upon idiosyncrasies for notice in the world, that true freedom is not so concerned with wearing the red cap of liberty on its head as with thinking clearly and acting frankly beneath it, and that the ordinary young woman who is savagely determined to be known by the signature in her book instead of the family name of her children is, at the moment, just a trifle ridiculous in a country where family names are customary.

Perhaps, this will not long be so. The idea of wedlock is getting to be more and more the idea of a partnership of two entities continuing to be two entities, not the union of two halves to make a domestic whole. It may be for the best.

It may be logically wiser to do away with the old notion altogether and adopt a new one in character with the ardent self-expression of modernity and its married maidens.

Family-founding, as such, is no longer the ostensible end and aim of matrimony. If, then, the family is not to be the unit and the individual is, why bother about the family name? Why should not children be called after whichever is the important parent? And if this is, as it seems about to be, the mother, why mention the father at all? Why should he ever assume responsibility without authority?

Let husbands remain hidden; it may very well prove their safest course. Let them remain hidden and be thankful that wives do not adopt the practice of the Praying Mantis and put an end to them altogether before their ancient spirit returns to them in all its ancient strength.

XXIX

THE MUCH THERE MAY BE IN A NAME

WE may not start out in life with the privilege of naming ourselves. And if we might, who knows if even the youngest of us would be any more sensible about it than are parents? At what age, indeed, does one know oneself well enough to bestow the really appropriate name or, if one does know it, to have the honesty to choose it? "I really am rather a romantic goose and shall call myself Musidora." Can we imagine a young person so considering herself? And what plain girl would come out boldly with "I look like Betsy Jane, and Betsy Jane I am going to be; as good a cook and housekeeper as ever you knew"?

These results would be very helpful to us in both social and sentimental predicaments. "An artistic temperament," we say of Musidora, and treat her accordingly. "The most reliable girl in the world," we declare, speaking of Betsy

Jane. But, as the world goes now, these methods seem unlikely of adoption, and so the naming of children is still left to their devoted parents; wherefore, Peters are growing up into Percivals, and Pearls into black-eyed Susans every blessed day amidst the protests of the populace.

So much for the Christian name, vulgarly called "given name." It has been attached to us by our fathers and mothers; perhaps we should say by our mothers only, since very few fathers seem to have much to do with the matter or, if they have, to do it without a certain amount of opposition.

At all events, it has been attached, and we may as well make the best of it. If a Martha, we might aim at the finest qualities of Marthas; if a Marjorie, avoid the faults of the especial one surnamed Daw. If one has been gifted with the name of Mary (called by a great poet "the sweetest name that maidens bear"), one need not shorten it to May and spell it Mae. To be sure, this effort to make something arch and original out of a fine, time-honored appellation is as distinctly a revelation of character as the Musidora and Betsy Jane suggestions given

above. But it is an unconscious one. No girl would do it if she realized how entirely it betrayed the cheap, pretentious vanity of her soul.

On the other hand, if a mother had cheap, pretentious qualities and wanted to render her daughter conspicuous by such a name as Ethelinda Sophronia, any young woman might be pardoned for shortening the first to Ethel or Linda and dropping the last part of the terrible combination altogether. She might be more than pardoned; she might be commended.

Some boys' names seem to have suffered strange sea-changes. It would be interesting to find out when and why Clarence, a good, noble-syllabled, upstanding sort of word, ever became the synonym, almost, for sappiness, as it seems to have done in America. Perhaps it is because the average youth imagines some tradition of superiority back of its bestowal, knows that it has a past, has even been an aristocrat among names, and, as the first instinct of the half-educated is to hate and destroy a past, so he hates and tries to destroy this by ridicule.

It is true that many of the distinguished and really beautiful old English names have no real

roots outside their own country and should not be transplanted to foreign soil from motives of snobbery. We do not come naturally by Aubreys and Plantagenets. But what have we done to our first great President's name of George? Funny-featured it in so-called comic papers till the expression "Let George do it" would, in a past not very much past, have made almost any boy so called wish to hang himself long before he knew the cherry-tree story and took an instinctive dislike to truth.

Then I wonder why the self-consciousness of youth and democracy causes an apparent shrinking from any too dignified form of address and leads to the constant and, to my mind, rather vulgar use of nicknames. The well-established changes, like Jack for John, Harry for Henry, and a dozen other acknowledged ones, are entirely permissible and pleasant in speech (though no man would employ them, except to a most intimate friend, in signing a letter), but the common ones, slid into from mere laziness and sloppiness of diction, like "Hulloa, Al, where yer going?" "That you, Herb? Come on over!" are an abomination.

Women's names sound even worse used in this slipshod way. "Mame," and "Daise," and "Min," and "Liz," are ungraceful modes of address and mark a second-rate bringing up. One of the charming things about well-bred people is an appearance of leisure, and not to have time enough even to give a friend her full name would be inconceivable to them. Hustle and bustle, glib speech, and nicknames shouted out in public places are unmistakable signs of the cotton-backed lady and the equally cotton-backed gentleman.

Hand in hand with our fear of not being easy enough with our fellows goes a terrible uncertainty as to how we should treat people from other countries, especially people of title. We do not always take the trouble to discover how they should be addressed, and, feeling a bit shamefaced when actually in their company, we blurt out strange sentences, such as the celebrated one: "Queen, when you said that you said a mouthful," attributed to the wife of a city official during the visit of her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. Being abrupt with the highest, we become afraid of undue famil-

iarity with lesser dignitaries, and it is almost impossible to induce a newspaper reporter to speak of a Knight or Baronet as Sir William Birchall or Sir Roderick Glendower. The Christian names bother them, and they outrage all precedent by calling them Sir Birchall and Sir Glendower. There is nothing very terrible in not understanding such things; it was to leave titles behind and live with Puritan simplicity that those Pilgrim fathers, whose arrival we frequently celebrate, came to America. But it is a politeness to know how to address distinguished visitors correctly, and one not beyond our reach to acquire.

Whatever is done or not done, however, in the speaking of names, when it comes to signing them, the artless are in a terrible quandary. It would appear as if, when they stopped making a cross and calling it their mark, the difficulties that beset them were beyond belief. Women who otherwise write a reasonably good letter, whose language is well chosen, and whose handwriting is graceful and legible, will show their place in the uneducated world by signing themselves Miss Louise Long or Mrs. Mary Arrow-

smith. A pretty name, Arrowsmith, and a pleasant trade to be surnamed from, and a delightful article might be written some day about the occupations, places, and colors from which surnames come. But never should Miss or Mrs. be signed to any letter; not even to a business letter, although some ignorant etiquette books say so. No. One's Christian name only is signed; Louise Long, Mary Arrowsmith. If one were a Frenchwoman, L. Long or M. Arrowsmith. Mary Arrowsmith may choose to tell one in a corner below her signature that she is Mrs. Paul Arrowsmith, in parentheses, for convenience in addressing her. But if she is a gentlewoman, in nothing will she show what's in a name more than in the signing of it.

XXX

CULTIVATING PERSONALITY

IN the first place, it can't be done offhand. Nobody can cultivate what he hasn't got. And yet, distressed persons of both sexes are always wanting to know how they can contrive, with the aid of a little outside advice, to become at once attractive and important to their associates. This is the kind of growth which, like adding cubits to the stature, cannot be achieved by taking self-conscious thought. People are charming either because vitality and a combination of spontaneous qualities happen to make them so or because they are sincerely and intelligently interested in others, as well as in themselves. They are important either because character or circumstance has placed them in prominent positions or because, by thought, word, or deed, they are apparently beneficial to their fellow men and so become eminent.

Personality does not consist, as many seem to think, in trying to do things in ways altogether

different from the ways of other people, but in being characteristically interested in the thing done. A boy attentive to the laws of velocity might have a manner of stone-throwing which was full of individuality and much more effective than the eccentric efforts of swaggering companions. A girl really keen about any subject among her studies would be far more likely to please her hearers than one attempting to dazzle with amazing sentiments.

Every girl and every boy must be entirely free from all appearance of showing off, or every bit of charm is lost. No affectation in walking, talking, or behavior gives a person personality. There are certain accepted standards for these things. If one chooses to disregard them, one may; but it will not follow that interesting distinction is the result. The men or women given to affectations may stand out from the crowd, but, unless something genuine underlies their idiosyncrasies, they will not stand out long in a way to be admired or even to hold attention. They will impress only themselves.

Whistler, from all accounts, had eccentricities and affectations of a most marked kind, some

of them of world-wide notoriety, but they were the outcome of actual qualities. Not always agreeable ones, but his own. No doubt, he exaggerated his oddities for the fun of surprising people—as it is assuredly a great temptation to do. He certainly did not need to assume qualities which would lead to eccentricity; these he had in abundance. And it may be said that all personality has, in our choicest language, some "goods to deliver when it comes to a showdown": manners, attributes, modes of behavior that spring from a source which gives them real significance. They may be worthy or the reverse; many people of the utmost charm have been good-for-nothing; many are so at the present time; but in each of their individual make-ups will be found something spontaneous, unstudied, and genuine in itself, even if put to ignoble uses. There are, of course, personalities entirely without allure, who impress people by their sheer weight of character and attainment. In regard to these, however, we feel that (unlike the famous Lucy) they dwell by preference where there are "none to praise and very few to love."

Strong natures may not care particularly for

praise nor particularly need love, but most natures do, and it is from among such that lamentations are heard. "How," ask some, "can we be different, original, and interesting?" "How," ask others, "can we make ourselves entertaining?" "How can we dominate our companions, become leaders among them?" "How do people cultivate personality?" So here I am back at my first sentence. People cannot cultivate personality unless they have some to cultivate, and it usually develops itself unconsciously, rather in spite than because of their ministrations. But they can cultivate interests of all sorts which will make them more interesting in themselves and more interested, too, in other people's interests. This, I repeat, is one of the charms of charm. Another is a real or apparent unconsciousness of self. Another is simple vitality and its accompanying spirit.

People, old or young, who have a strong spring of life in them dominate because of it, attract because of it, or do both because of it; sometimes for good and sometimes for evil. It is a rather surprising power, this ability to keep one's internal dynamo working at top speed the

whole time without effort, and explains why energy—not fussy activity, but mental and physical energy—carries so much before it. If well directed, it is a force which supports the cause of wisdom; if ill directed, it may sweep wisdom out of its path altogether and stand falsely acclaimed in its place. But, either way, a person possessing great vitality is apt to possess personality of sorts, it being always borne in mind that personality is not invariably pleasing or perfect.

Probably, the simplest formula for its attainment is to be found in the sentence: "Be what you are as well as you know how." A great many of us are timid about that, or we don't like what we are and so suppress it while trying to be what we are not. This defeats its own object as far as personality is concerned. All real characters express themselves. The moment we make it an aim to express something we have not within us, we are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and nobody worth impressing is impressed with us.

Minds and hearts may be developed to make character. Types may be developed to make the

differences between mortals more marked. The person who takes trouble to form his own opinions, after having well considered those of others, will be helping himself toward an individual outlook. It is fatally easy to become a human phonograph and record only the ideas and sentiments poured into one by the surrounding world. It is also fatally easy to be puffed up about novel points of view just because they are novel and not because they have been tested and found to have a good working philosophy back of them. Individuality must have a sure, if independent, foothold before it has a following. It may enjoy its own magnetic qualities; but it does not cry to the four winds of heaven for power to become individual. It finds its power within the circle of its being, for (if I am quoting the Scriptures correctly), "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

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